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## F R A S E R R I V E R .

CALIFORNIA and Australia owe their existence as populous States to the gold in their rivers and rocks. British Columbia owes to the same cause the sudden growth of its population from a few hundreds to many thousands. Events like these, which have occurred within a boy's remembrance, are nothing new in the history of the world. Cupidity, the lust for gold, the desire for great wealth with little labor, have both peopled and discovered States. Not to pass beyond the history of our own continent, the bravery and daring of the old Spanish adventurers were inspired by the same desire. With the visions of abundance which Ponce de Leon saw, as the groves of Florida rose before him in the west, on that Easter Sunday, Tradition and Poetry have mingled some visions of resurrection, and pictured the aged Spaniard searching after a secret fountain of youth, in which to bathe and draw the forces of a fresh life. But it was 'the wealth of Ind,' conquest, and treasure which drew the long line of adventurers who succeeded him — Vasquez de Ayllon, Gomez, Pamphilo de Narvaez, De Soto, descending upon the Atlantic coast, and De Cabrillo and his pilot, Ferrelo, coasting the Pacific shore. Even with the purer purposes of the Plymouth, Maryland, and Virginian colonists were mingled some baser instincts. But in the grand result, all these moving impulses, of however base an origin, whether in the Spaniard, the Frenchman, or the Englishman, have been overruled in a more beneficent disposition of events; and out of the perplexing and difficult problem of mingled good and evil arose, in due time, the clear solution — a new world.

A course of events, in some sort like these, though on a smaller scale, has been the history of Australia and California. It requires nothing of prophetic ken, and little of sagacity, to foretell the same result in British Columbia; and if the discoveries of gold in the Fraser River region are judged to be the beginning of a series

of events of even greater significance and importance than any series which include the history of our own first Pacific State, or that of Great Britain's island continent, such a judgment is clearly compelled, by a due consideration of the geographical character and position, and the political relations of the colony in which those discoveries have been made, and is in no respect inflamed by the fever which possessed the Californians for a brief season, nor even by the belief that the gold-bearing regions of British America will so much as approach those of the United States, in richness or extent.

British Columbia, which includes the Fraser River region, may be roughly described as that portion of British America west of the Rocky Mountains, and between latitudes 49° and 55° north, and including Queen Charlotte's and all other adjacent islands, excepting Vancouver's. Little was ever known of Fraser River, which, with its tributaries, is the largest river of the colony, till 1793, when it was discovered and reported to the British Government by Alexander McKenzie. Captain Simon Fraser, an employé of the Hudson's Bay Company, traced its course for six hundred miles, in the year 1812: and from him the river has taken its name. He committed suicide twenty years ago in San-Francisco; and when excavations were making for new streets a few years since, in a place afterward called Commercial-street, the old man's coffin was by chance exhumed.

In 1855, discoveries of gold were made near Fort Colville, which is a few miles south of the international line, on a branch of the Columbia River and in Washington Territory. The Indian difficulties in that quarter, then and since, have prevented an extensive working of them, or a careful estimate of their value. When these difficulties had partially ceased, however, some persons who knew the richness of the mines, tried to reach them by the way of Fraser River and the Hudson's Bay Company's trail from Fort Langley to Fort Colville. The current rumors are, that it was during this ascent of Fraser River, on the way to the mines in Washington Territory, that the discoveries of gold in its vicinity were made. Douglas, the Governor of Vancouver's Island, communicated the fact to the Government in 1856, and speaks of the discoveries as having been made on the upper waters of the Columbia, in British Territory.\*

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\* THE Hudson's Bay Company offered protection against the Indians to persons going up by way of Fraser River, and the United States gave none on any of the routes through Washington Territory. Therefore, these miners preferred the northern route, and when gold was discovered there in apparent abundance, a rush of emigration of course ensued. Col. STERON was on his way to protect the miners at Fort Colville. His defeat is not to be wondered at. Good faith with the Indians would have saved it all; saved, too, the long, bloody, and expensive Indian war which that defeat is initiating. Contrary to established usage and to natural right, the United States have assumed to grant absolutely the lands of the Indians in those two territories, without previous purchase from them. They are driven hither and thither by white settlers until they have little means of support, and at length the treaties negotiated by authorized agents of the government, in which some small patches of their own territory are secured to them, are either rejected, or passed over in silence and forgotten. Five treaties with these Indians alone remained unacted upon when the last Congress adjourned. Who can blame them for distrusting the good faith of our government or their agents in making treaties at all? Extensive preparations had been made on the Columbia River for a road to the Colville mines, from Portland, the Dalles, and Fort Walla-

A Scotchman named Adams, an old California miner, and a party of three sailors, are said to have been the only white persons at the mines during the last winter. Early in the spring, the San-Francisco papers began to publish rumors of remarkable successes in surface-diggings on this remote and almost unknown river. The rumors grew; a few old miners hanging about San-Francisco, and a hundred or two from Oregon and Washington Territories, who had experience but no capital, made their way thither, and found very rich surface-diggings. Their success reached the ears of others, who, like them, had experience, but no capital to build the machines without which mining is unprofitable, now that the surface-diggings are removed, in California. Presently the crowd of emigrants began to swell to larger numbers; a line of steamers to Victoria, the capital of Vancouver's Island, was started, other lines were speedily added, and then every available ship or boat, new, or cast aside as too poor for other lines, was chartered for the same purpose. Emigrants from all the towns and counties in California came pouring down to San-Francisco by hundreds and thousands; property fell, and labor rose in value; San-Francisco alone profited, and all other places in California suffered seriously; and still the emigration went on, each week doubling the number of the week before. From April first to June twenty-first, over fifteen thousand people left California; up to July fifth, twenty-five thousand had left, each at an average expense of two hundred dollars a head. During this brief period, ten steamers, making the round trip between San-Francisco and Victoria in ten days, had been plying back and forth at their best speed, taking five hundred passengers and full freights up, with only thirty passengers and no freight down. Clipper-ships, and ships that were not clipper-built, in scores, were crowded alike—the Custom-House sometimes clearing seven in a day. Many of the steamers and vessels went up with men huddled together like sheep—so full that all could not sit or lie down together, and had to take turns at the feeding-tables and at the soft six-feet-by-two bed of pine-plank on deck. All this went on for months, the California papers, especially those of the interior, meanwhile decrying the value of the new diggings, and describing the country as cold, barren, and inhospitable, and the persons who went as poor deluded fools. But the mania possessed all classes. Nothing else was discussed in the prints, nothing else talked of on the street; all the merchants labelled their goods 'for Fraser River:' there were Fraser River clothes and Fraser River hats, Fraser River shovels and crowbars, Fraser River tents and provisions, Fraser River clocks, watches, and fish-lines, and Fraser River bedsteads, literature, and soda-water. Nothing was salable except it was labelled 'Fraser River.' Late in July, the reaction came, and the tide turned; but not

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Walla. Who can wonder that, seeing an engineering party making a road through the heart of their territory, these Indians concluded they were to be cheated out of their lands, and driven away as their fathers had been before them?

until California had been drained of half a hundred thousand of its population.

Victoria, Port Townsend, Whatcome, Sehome, and all the other ports in the vicinity of Fraser River, felt the extraordinary impulse of this emigration. Lots in Victoria and Esquimaux went up to fabulous prices faster than those of Sacramento had gone down. Excepting the gold dust, Mexican dollars, and the gambling, San Francisco in 1849 was reproduced on Vancouver's Island.

Up to the time of writing, the emigration from the Atlantic States has not been very large, though it is rapidly increasing. The last few California steamers have gone out crowded to overflowing, and the tickets, suffered to get into the hands of speculators, have doubled and trebled upon the usual price. Companies for Fraser River are forming in all the large seaport and inland cities, and in many of the smaller towns. Every commercial paper has its advertisements of Fraser River ventures.

St. Louis has sent out several companies over-land to the new mines; Philadelphia and Chicago, likewise; and St. Paul, in Minnesota, while doing the same thing, is urging the importance of a Northern Pacific Railroad, and threatening to help the British build one through the valley of the Saskatchewan, unless the needs of the North-west are fairly considered, as they notoriously have not been hitherto, in the determination of its eastern terminus.

The approach to the gold regions from the Pacific is through the Straits of Juan de Fuca, to the north of which lies Vancouver's Island, and to the south Washington Territory. The southern shore of the Straits, which are named after an ancient mariner who visited these seas in advance of Captain Cook, is in latitude 48°, one degree south of the international boundary. The entrance of the Straits is twelve miles across. At the south-eastern part of Vancouver's Island they are near twenty miles wide. These distances, however, seem smaller from the high, bold character of the hills or mountains on either side. About one hundred miles from the Pacific, on the inside of Vancouver's Island, and the north side of the Straits, is Victoria, the seat of government. Nearly the same distance from the Pacific, on the opposite side, in Washington Territory, is Port Townsend, the port of entry for the Puget Sound district, and the recent unsuccessful rival of Victoria for the honors of the metropolis of the region.

Both places are equally near to Fraser River and Bellingham Bay, the latter distant about fifty-five miles. The Gulf of Georgia separates Vancouver's Island from the mainland on the west. Into this Gulf Fraser River empties, a few miles north of latitude 49°, the international boundary, and fifty miles from Bellingham Bay. For a few miles from its mouth, its course is nearly east and west, and for the remaining part, it deflects very considerably to the north, taking its rise in the western slope of the Rocky Mountain range. One of its principal tributaries, flowing in from the south, is Thompson's River, where also gold is said to exist.

From Garry Point, the north headland of the mouth of Fraser River, to Fort Langley, it is thirty miles. Here the river averages half-a-mile in width, and is navigable for a ship of the line even for fifty miles. The main difficulty in passing the channel, is from some sand-heads, which lie about its mouth, to the mainland, a distance of about seven miles. The Hudson's Bay Company's steamer 'Beaver' has made an annual voyage from Victoria to Fort Langley for the last twenty years, and recently the 'Otter' has visited that station quarterly. Fort Langley will always be the head of navigation for vessels of any size. From Fort Langley to Fort Hope the distance is sixty miles. This part of the river is navigated by steam-boats of light draught. Rapids are frequent, but the water is deep. One rapid about twenty miles below Fort Hope, is especially difficult of passage. On either side are mountains and hills, some so high that the tops are covered with snow, and many of them as rugged as the Adirondack. Timber abounds in the greatest profusion. The spurs of the mountains touch the river, and green intervalles are between. The boats cut for fire-wood the large trees of pitch-pine which skirt the shore. Fort Hope, ninety miles from the mouth of Fraser River, is as high up as steam-boats go, though it may be navigable a few miles farther. About ten miles above Fort Hope is a place called Boulder Point, opposite which is one of the worst rapids in the river. Canoes make their way up with difficulty. Fort Yale is fourteen miles above Fort Hope, and between the two, it is hardly possible to propel a canoe up-stream without the assistance of a line from shore. Two miles above Fort Yale is the Devil's Gap, the beginning of a long cañon. The walls are more than two hundred feet in height, and the water rushes through its narrow and broken passage with terrific force. The pass around it, called Douglass Portage, is ten miles long. The water is said to rise in the Cañon at times from forty to fifty feet. At very low stages, the Hudson's Bay Company get their goods through to Fort Thompson, though not without the greatest difficulty, by frequent portages, and by hauling the boat from the shore. From Fort Yale to the mouth of Thompson's River the distance is one hundred and ten miles; to Big Fall is seventy-five miles farther. Beyond Big Fall, small canoes only can be used. The principal mining-ground is between Fort Yale and Big Fall, though it is continually extending with the exploration of the tributary rivers.\*

Not to weary the reader with details, we may add, that the difficulties of the river-route are in a great degree shared by all the

\* From San-Francisco to Portland, O. T., the fare by steamer has been fifteen to twenty-five dollars; from Portland to the Dalles by steamboat, twelve dollars. At the Dalles horses can be obtained for from thirty to sixty dollars, from which point to the mines the cost of travel is about the same as land-travel any where else in the western territories. From San-Francisco to Victoria, the fare by steamer is from thirty to forty dollars; from Victoria to Fort Hope, by the 'Surprise' or 'Sea-Bird' steam-boat, the fare is from twenty to twenty-five dollars. Many miners have built their own canoes at Victoria. Beyond this point the expense of travel can not easily be calculated. By any route it is clear, however, that not less than from two hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars cash will pay the way for one person from San-Francisco to the mines.

routes starting from Bellingham Bay or Victoria. The land-route through Oregon Territory has many advantages. The distance from Portland to the Dalles, by steam-boat, is about one hundred miles; fare, eleven dollars. Here horses can be purchased, and the necessary equipments. From the Dalles, the road strikes out into the open country, skirting the eastern base of the cascades to Fort O'Kanagan, crossing Columbia River at Priest's Rapids, thence up the O'Kanagan River to the Sammilkimo River, then along Lake O'Kanagan to its head, and thence north-east to Shuswap Lake, which supplies one of the tributaries of Thompson's River. The distance from the Dalles by this route is three hundred and thirty miles. Another route, by the way of Walla-Walla, lengthens the distance forty miles. Or, again, the water-route by the Columbia may be taken as far as Fort Colville. If the statement be a true one, it is a great argument for this route, that the Hudson's Bay Company, though having forts all along Fraser River, have for years shipped their goods by way of Fort Vancouver, the Dalles, and Columbia River, to Fort Colville, and through the mining country.

At the very threshold of the inquiry as to the richness of the gold-fields and their extent, we are staggered by the most conflicting accounts. The California papers teem with letters from special and transient correspondents, from miners and the friends of miners, and after sifting the grain of fact out of bushels of imaginative chaff, there still remain singular contradictions in the testimony of apparently equally well-informed sources.

One writer pronounces the whole Fraser River excitement a grand humbug, first started by real-estate owners in Victoria; another swears that he has handled twenty-seven pounds of gold, the product of a few weeks' labor. To-day we are told of a man who offers eighteen dollars an ounce for Fraser River gold, and cannot get a grain; to-morrow of another who sits with boots, like those of Brian O'Linn,

'With the woolly side out and the skinny side in,'

and saturated with quicksilver, swinging in the stream a day, and at night wrings them out, and finds one hundred and fifty dollars stuck to the hair. After a very extensive perusal of all the testimony which has appeared in the letters of Fraser River correspondents to the newspapers of California and of the Atlantic cities, and a somewhat careful consideration of its weight and of the influence of a mania in helping gold-finders to see double, we are impelled to the conclusion that gold exists in Fraser River and its tributaries, in sufficient quantities to make it an object of profitable search for a portion of the year. That it exists in quantities such as were found in the surface diggings of early California days, we do not believe; but that it pays better for experienced miners who have not the capital to buy the expensive quartz-crushing machines with which gold is obtained in California, we are compelled to think.



Reputed discoveries, and the geologic structure of the strip of territory west of the Rocky Mountain range, seem to indicate beyond a doubt that the northern boundary of British Columbia and the southern boundary of California are the two brackets which inclose a vast gold-producing area of similar if not of equal productiveness in all its parts. The correspondence of Governor Douglass with the British Colonial Office and the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, submitted to the House of Commons, shows that Governor Douglass, although he had been informed of the discovery of gold in April, 1856, has not up to this date, an interval of more than two years, ascertained how much gold there is in the mines, and refrains from expressing an opinion even more cautiously than we have thought proper to do. To the British Consul at San-Francisco, however, he has stated that the mines were far richer than he had had any idea of. What Governor Douglass's 'idea of' may have been, we are not informed.\*

In February last the Derby ministry came into power, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton having the office of Secretary for the Colonies. Under date of July first, he communicated to Governor Douglass a general approval of his course in asserting the dominion of the Crown over this region, and the right of the Crown over the precious metals. He instructs him, however, that it is no part of the policy of the Government to exclude Americans or other foreigners from the gold-fields, emphasized the necessity of caution in dealing with the international questions which are likely to arise, and wherein so much must be left to his discretion.

On the eighth of July Sir E. Bulwer Lytton introduced a bill for the formation and government of a colony in this district, to be called New-Caledonia, afterward changed to British Columbia, both alike misnomers. The bill, which passed without opposition, empowers the Crown for a period limited to five years, to make

\* DIFFICULTIES of a serious nature have been anticipated with the native Indians of British Columbia. One year ago Governor DOUGLASS wrote to Mr. LABOUCHERE, the then Secretary of the Colonies, that they had 'taken the high-handed though probably not unwise course, of expelling all the parties of gold-diggers, composed chiefly of persons from the American territories, who had forced an entrance into their country.' The Hudson's Bay Company did not oppose the Indians in this matter, but allowed their servants and the early diggers to be hustled out, and to lose the reward of their labors many times. During the year some few difficulties have occurred, and there has been blood shed; but whether because of the discreet conduct of the miners or the native perception of their own permanent inferiority, in view of such an influx of a more powerful race, the collisions have not been so frequent or disastrous as were anticipated. It is clear that in a fight between the miners and the Indians, however successful the latter might be at first, in the long run the former would win, and eventually the process of extermination of a once powerful race, begin and go on to a rapid end.

It appears from the commonly received authorities, that the Indians of British Columbia, like those of Washington and Oregon Territories, are fierce and intractable; civilized to the extent of clearly comprehending the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*; willing to steal, yet anxious to prevent theft of their gold; active, brave, well-formed, and skilful in the use of weapons, of which they have a good supply. Their principal article of food is salmon. In summer they live in shanties of slabs, and in winter, in holes in the ground, covered with slabs and dirt. Their mining is rude and intermittent. The Indians in Puget's Sound (Chenooks) are said to be an inferior race. Those up the river are the most elevated. The latter demand chastity of their women, build forts large enough to hold six or seven hundred families, and canoes that will hold a hundred persons. They use little paint and no tattoo. There are two principal tribes, and these hate each other as badly as COOPER'S Delawares and Hurons. The number of Indians in British Columbia it is impossible to compute. Excepting the few factors of the Hudson's Bay Company, they have been the only inhabitants. The inhabitants of Washington and Oregon Territories number about 39,712. There are nearly as many to the square mile in the more northern territory.

laws for the district by order in council and to establish a legislature; such legislature to be in the first instance the governor alone, but with power to the Crown by itself, or through the Governor, to establish a nominated council and a representative assembly. We do not exaggerate in the least when we say that the recent debate in the House of Commons on this bill shows the present crisis to be regarded as one of great interest.

The gold of Australia was the magnet that drew surplus thousands from England and peopled her largest colony. The gold in California drew an emigration thither which has created our Pacific States. The gold of Fraser River, be it much or little, has drawn the attention of the world to the unexampled richness of the north-western areas of this continent, and given already a stupendous impulse to their settlement.

Vancouver's Island, from a hitherto insignificant existence upon maps, looms up in a not distant future to the proportions of a British naval station, whose arms may stretch across the seas yet, and grasp a portion of the swelling trade with China and Japan, the Indian Archipelago and Australia. British Columbia, hitherto considered an inaccessible and remote region of wild territory, given over to the Hudson's Bay Company's trade, selfish and exclusive, and to Canadian jurisdiction, which was no jurisdiction at all, feels the same impulse, and grows into the last link of a chain of British States, or perhaps of another united confederation like our own, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific seas.

These will not be the results of a year, perhaps not of a decade, perhaps not of scores of years. But if we consider that the population of the United States has grown in fifty years, from five and a half to thirty millions, and the population of the Canadas from much less than two hundred thousand to over two millions, it requires less than the foresight of these British statesmen to see that on events which now seem local and confined, imperial issues wait, though they are now but dimly foreshadowed.

Here is the great fact of the north-western areas of this continent. An area not inferior in size to the whole United States east of the Mississippi, which is perfectly adapted to the fullest occupation by cultivated nations, yet is almost wholly unoccupied, lies west of the ninety-eighth meridian and above the forty-third parallel; that is, north of the latitude of Milwaukee, and west of the longitude of Red River, Fort Kearney, and Corpus Christi. Or, to state the fact in another way, east of the Rocky Mountains and west of the ninety-eighth meridian, and between the fortieth and sixtieth parallels, there is a productive, cultivable area of five hundred thousand square miles. West of the Rocky Mountains, and between the same parallels, there is an area of three hundred thousand square miles.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the temperature of the Atlantic coast is carried straight across the continent to the Pacific. The isothermals deflect greatly to the north, and the



temperatures of the Northern Pacific areas are paralleled in the high temperatures in high latitudes of Western and Central Europe. The latitudes which inclose the plateaus of the Missouri and the Saskatchewan, in Europe inclose the rich central plains of the continent. The great grain-growing districts of Russia lie between the forty-fifth and sixtieth parallel, that is, north of the latitude of St. Paul, Minnesota, or Eastport, Maine. Indeed, the temperature in some instances is higher for the same latitudes here than in Central Europe. The isothermal of 70° for the summer which on our plateaux ranges from along latitude 50° to 52°, in Europe skirts through Vienna and Odessa in about parallel 46°. The isothermal of 50° for the year runs along the coast of British Columbia, and does not go far from New-York, London, and Sebastopol. Furthermore, dry areas are not found above 47°, and there are no barren tracts of consequence north of the Bad Lands and the coteaux of the Missouri: the land grows grain finely and is well wooded. All the grains of the temperate districts are here produced abundantly, and Indian corn may be grown as high as the Saskatchewan.

The buffalo winter as safely on the Upper Athabasca as in the latitude of St. Paul's, and the spring opens at nearly the same time along the immense line of plains from St. Paul's to Mackenzie's River. To these facts, for which there is the authority of Blodgett's Treatise on the Climatology of the United States, may be added this, that to the region bordering the Northern Pacific the finest maritime positions belong throughout its entire extent, and no part of the west of Europe exceeds it in the advantages of equable climate, fertile soil, and commercial accessibility of coast. We have the same excellent authority for the statement that, in every condition forming the basis of national wealth, the continental mass lying westward and north-westward from Lake Superior is far more valuable than the interior in lower latitudes, of which Salt Lake and upper New-Mexico are the prominent known districts. In short, its commercial and industrial capacity is gigantic.\* Its occupation was coëval with the Spanish occupation of New-Mexico and California. The Hudson's Bay Company has preserved it an utter wilderness for many long years. The Fraser River discoveries and emigration are facts which the Company cannot crush. Itself must go the wall, and now the population of the great north-western areas begins.

Another effect of the Fraser River discoveries is their determination of the route for the great Pacific-Railroad. In view of the facts which we have just stated, it becomes clear that if the population of the United States were evenly distributed from the Gulf of Mexico to the great lakes, the existence of these north-

\* THE *London Times* has fiercely controverted these facts regarding the value of the north-western areas, but as there is evidently no intention to get at the truth of the case, and as its conduct is prompted by interested motives, no notice need be taken here of its arguments. In books written by the very officers of the Company, upon whose statements alone the *Times* can found its arguments, will be found their fullest contradiction.

western areas would draw the lines of travel to the Pacific sensibly to the north. But the northern States are by far the most densely populated. The centre of population is west of Pittsburgh, of productive power to the east and north of that city. The movement of these centres is slowly to the west and to the north of west. At our present rate of increase, in less than fifty years they will be near Chicago. Their line of direction indicates the track of westward empire and the general route along which villages, towns, and cities will arise, and therefore the first rail-road be built to the Pacific coast.

Beyond and above all possible interferences and obstructions of political or sectional zeal, beyond human control these great movements of nations and peoples go on, without their foresight, and without the knowledge of the earlier generations, yet working out in beautiful order, and as if with universal consent and the conspiracy of all the secret forces of nature, their grand and best results.

If we now recall in this connection the precise position of the Mauvaises Terres, and the rainless, sandy, and uninhabitable areas of the continent; the nature and location of the mountain chains, exclusive of the Rocky Mountain range, extending from latitude 47° to 33°, headed at the south by the Gila River, on whose southern side are the arid, uncultivable tracts of Sonora, and headed at the north by the Missouri River, on whose northern side lie these vast cultivable and inhabitable areas; if we recall the remarkable deflection to the westward of the Rocky Mountain range in this latitude; if we recall also the course of that gigantic stream, which is far greater than the river to which by a mistaken nomenclature it is made tributary, a stream extending to the very base of the Rocky Mountains, in the region where they are lowest and transit is easiest, navigable for steamers two thousand four hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, and for smaller vessels almost within sound of the Great Falls; if we recall also the remarkable deflection to the north of the isothermal lines from the west of Lake Superior, already mentioned, and the position of Columbia River, and remember withal that the first and the great routes of travel are always where nature has scooped out valleys for the passage of great rivers; if we combine all these conceptions with the one first advanced, of the direction of the movement of the centres of population and industrial activity, there remains no room to doubt, even without naming the north-western areas, that along the valley of the Missouri, over the Rocky Mountains, in the low passes of latitude 47°, and thence by the Columbia and its tributaries to the Pacific, or through the passes of the Cascade range to the splendid harbors of Puget Sound, lies the great route to the Pacific, the belt on which towns and villages will first arise, the strongest link in the union of the Atlantic and Pacific States. The Fraser River discoveries have hastened the result, they have not diverted it.

## L I N E S : R E P O S E .

Flow on, O LIFE! all glorified and blest :  
Upon thy waves I lie in perfect rest,  
As on the pillowing of a mother's breast.

They say an infant seeth heaven in dreams ;  
And lying here so calm it often seems  
As if I see beyond the blue serenes :

As if the soul with love-enlightened eyes  
Looks in upon its home — no strange surprise  
Comes o'er me — the gladness satisfies.

I never knew a joy that grew to fear :  
The deepest glory of existence here  
Is but the star-light of my native sphere.

Yet climbing oft to some unclouded height,  
I see the day-dawn of the Infinite  
Out-blossoming to my enraptured sight.

But never, never is the air too clear ;  
Never too warm the radiant atmosphere :  
It is my FATHER's smile, and home is near.

Home! Home! But earth is very bright and fair ;  
And such a day as this, without a care,  
I lie, rejoicing but to breathe the air.

It is so sweet to live — to live and love —  
To find two lives in perfect music move,  
Preluding higher harmonies above.

And so in life's green valley, far below  
The heights where marshaled clouds move to-and-fro,  
Yet just as near the holy heavens, I know :

In this sweet spot, which birds and blooms delight in,  
To tender joy and harmless mirth inviting,  
And Nature's love by Nature's life requiting :

On such a day, in such a mood as this,  
My life out-blooms, a red rose from a kiss,  
Rounding itself to perfect loveliness,

With light for music in the silence deep ;  
And tenderly I 'lay me down to sleep,'  
And only 'pray the Lord my soul to keep.'

*Cincinnati, (Ohio,) August, 1858.*

## T H E . J A S P E R   S I G N E T .

It was the dusk of a summer evening. I sat in my chamber, puffing my segar, and gazing listlessly into the street. I saw the flitting figures of the passers-by, and my neighbors over the way on their stoops, with their children playing around them. The air was full of confused sounds — fragments of conversation, the patter of feet, and the rumble of distant wheels. It was not an unpleasant evening, I owned, but I was not in the mood to enjoy it. I took up my pistol, which lay on the table before me, and handling it curiously, wondered if any thing would ever drive me to shoot myself.

It was a dark time in my life, the darkest, I thought, that I had ever seen. I was out of money, out of friends, out of hope. And, worst of all, my child, my darling little Ambrose, was sick. He lay in the next room in a raging fever; the folding-doors between us were closed, but his low moans reached me, and struck a pang to my heart. From time to time through the day I had sat by his bed-side, holding his burning hands, but when evening came I could bear it no longer: I was sick with pity. I took up a book to forget myself, but I could not make sense of what I read; my mind would wander off in the middle of a paragraph. How indeed could I forget the child, when every thing in the room reminded me of him? Within reach stood his rocking-horse; his toys were scattered over the sofa. Under the edge of the book-case I saw the toes of his little shoes, and on the table lay a withered posy, which he had gathered a day or two before. It was only a bunch of wild flowers, and they were withered and dead, but I could not throw them away. I would have preserved even a weed, if his hand had touched it!

I sat and smoked until it grew too dark to see distinctly. The neighbors withdrew into their houses, and lighted the lamps. The sounds in the streets died away, but the air was noisier than ever, for innumerable crickets were chirping. 'Ah! well,' said I with a sigh, 'there is no use in my sitting here idle any longer: I may as well go to work.'

I turned on the gas, and drew my table up to the light. I have not mentioned, I believe, that I was an author, but as I said I was poor, the acute reader may have guessed it. Yes, I was an author then, a poor author, a miserable literary hack, turning my pen to every thing. I was equally good (or bad) at prose and poetry. I wrote heavy articles for the reviews, and light paragraphs for the journals, to say nothing of sensation-romances for the weeklies; and poetry for every thing. I had a poem to write that night, a comic poem; the cuts with which it was to be illustrated, and which were supposed to be drawn for it, (of course at a great expense!) lay before me, not yet transferred from *Punch*, touching the faded flowers of my sick child. I pressed the posy to my

lips, and breathing a prayer for his recovery, took up my pen and began to write. The contrast between my circumstances and what I was writing — a panegyric on wealth — sharpened my wits. I rioted in a world of fantastic creations, scattering jokes and puns broad-cast. 'There,' said I after one of my brilliant coruscations, 'that will delight the editor of the *Barbarian*. The poor man thinks me funny.' I remembered the last poem that I had offered him, and smiled bitterly. It was a stately and noble piece of thought, yet he declined it, and ordered the trash which I was then writing. I would not have touched it but for my little Ambrose, but a sick child must have a physician and nurse. 'And happy shall I be,' I thought, 'if it ends there!' Walking out that day I had seen a little coffin in the window of an undertaker hard by, and now it came back to my memory, and filled me with solemn forebodings. I imagined that I saw it on the table, with my child in it, holding the withered flowers in his folded hands! I laid down my pen and listened, but I could not hear him. 'Perhaps he is dead,' I whispered. The thought gave me a shock, and the tears rushed to my eyes. I was certainly in fine trim for writing a comic poem!

At that moment there was a tap at the door. 'Come in,' said I, drying my eyes hastily. The door opened, and in walked Arthur Gurney. I did not recognize him at first, for I had seen him but once before, and that was at a large party; beside, my eyes were dim with writing. But when he came to the light, I remembered his face, and shook him by the hand.

'I see you are at work,' he said. 'If I am *de trop*, say so frankly, and I'll be off at once.'

'Don't,' I replied; 'I can spare an hour or two as well as not.'

He seated himself in my arm-chair, and cast his eyes around the chamber. I could not tell whether he was taking a mental inventory of my worldly goods and possessions, or whether he was collecting his thoughts before commencing conversation. I looked at him intently for a few minutes, I knew not why, but I felt a strange fascination drawing me toward him. There was a subtle communication, a mesmeric telegraph, as it were, between us. His soul flashed messages to mine — mysterious messages in cipher, which I received and read, but could not understand. Had he been a woman instead of a man, I should have understood his power over me. His face was pale and delicately cut; his eyes were large and black. There was something Spanish in his appearance, but no Spaniard could have been so fair. A sentimental young lady would have called him romantic-looking; but he would have scorned that cheap distinction. He was a gentleman, a noble gentleman in grief.

'Well,' said he, 'have you finished staring at me?' I was not aware that he had noticed me, he appeared so oblivious of my presence.

'I beg your pardon, but I could not help it. But pray, Mr. Gurney — I am sure you will not think me rude — to what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?'

‘Like you, I could not help it. I sat alone in my room thinking of many things, when suddenly you came into my mind, and I thought I ought to come and see you. It seemed to me that you could do something for me, or I for you, I knew not which. Can you help me?’

‘But what is the matter with you? You appear well, and well to do — one of the sleek darlings of the world; as Evelyn says in ‘Money.’ I will give you advice, if you insist upon it, which I take to be a pretty good proof of friendship. I will even write you an acrostic, if you think your lady love can be won by poetry. In short, I will do almost any thing but lend you money; that I cannot do. But that, I fancy, is the last thing that you would expect from me.’

He shook his head. ‘Have you any thing to drink?’ The suddenness of the question made me smile in spite of myself.

‘What will you have, Monsieur Gurney? Chateau Margeau, or Verzeney? But perhaps you would like some Hungarian wine, or a bottle of Johannisberg?’

‘Whatever you have, Sir, whatever you have.’

I remembered that I had a bottle of schnapps in the next room, and rose to get it. I passed out into the hall, and groped my way along the entry until I reached the door that led into the sick-chamber. There was a candle burning in the corner when I entered, but it was shaded so effectually that I had to light a match. The flask for which I came, standing in a little cabinet at the head of the bed, I moved on tip-toe to the bed-side, and bent my face close down to that of the child. I could not see him distinctly, but I felt his short, quick breath: it was like the blast of a furnace. I touched his hand; he was consumed with fever. ‘He is no better, Sir,’ the nurse whispered, ‘but he is sleeping soundly, and so is his mother: she is worn out.’ Turning my eyes in the direction of the lounge, I saw my wife stretched upon it. I stole softly toward her, and kissed her forehead. She moved her lips, but no sound came: she was breathing in sleep a silent prayer for her darling.

When I reëntered my chamber my heart was sad, and so, seemingly, was that of Arthur Gurney, for his face was buried in his hands.

He roused himself with an effort, and taking a segar-case from his pocket, offered me a segar. I placed the bottle and glasses on the table, and proceeded to twist a paper-lighter, but he anticipated me with the blank side of a letter, which, I noticed, was edged with black. As he bent forward to light it at the leader which hung between us, I saw a large ring on his finger — an engraved seal-ring, with a curious setting.

‘That is a strange ring of yours, Mr. Gurney,’ I observed, after we had lighted our segars; ‘may I look at it?’

‘Certainly,’ and he handed it to me.

It was a jasper signet of large size. The stone was remarkably fine, and apparently clear, but on scanning it closely, I saw that it was flecked with red spots. They were small and dim, except



where the stone had been engraved; there they were larger and brighter. It was as if the stone had been inserted in a bloody foil, which had been pierced by the cutting. I could not make out the cutting, whether it was a crest or merely an initial letter. It was probably a cipher. The workmanship of the setting, which was of red gold, betokened an early state of the art. It was fantastic and rude, but quite in keeping with the stone, the cipher of which it repeated amid a variety of cabalistic characters. Had I met with it in the cabinet of a collector, I should have said it was the seal of some magician of the middle ages.

Mr. Gurney had moved the bottle toward him, and was filling his glass when I made a motion as if I would slip the ring on my finger. 'Stop!' he said suddenly; 'what are you about?'

His tone was so abrupt and fierce that I stared at him in surprise. 'You object to my trying it on?' I asked.

'Indeed I do; it is unlucky.'

I handed him back the ring, a little piqued by his manner.

'Fill your glass, and I will satisfy your curiosity concerning it. You must not be annoyed with me because I prevented you from trying it on. It was on your account, not my own.'

We touched our glasses, and he began.

'This ring has been in our family for generations. I know not when, or by whom, the curse was entailed upon us, but as far back as our records reach—and we have authentic documents reaching back five or six hundred years—we find it mentioned as one of the heirlooms of the race. It has come down from father to son with all our broad lands and possessions, being frequently specified in our ancient wills. Our lands and possessions have passed away, as such things will, but the ring remains, as you see. It has belonged at times to various branches of the family—men of widely different minds and temperaments. Some lived in peaceful days, and died at a ripe old age; others perished young, slain in battles or broils. Many fell by their own hands. But it mattered not what was the fortune of its possessor, he was the slave of the ring.'

'But in what sense?' I inquired. 'What you have related may be plain to you, but I must confess it is vague to me. In what manner, and to whom, has the ring been a curse?'

'To all who have worn it, myself among the rest. As to the manner of the curse, it has taken a thousand shapes. Some of us have been hurled from the pinnacle of wealth and power, others have been raised to almost regal dignities. This was in the old time, when we ranked among the nobility. In these later years of buying and selling, our fortunes have been more stable: the majority of the Gurneys are rich.'

'Then you have one thing,' I said, 'to counterbalance the curse of the ring. I would I had your wealth; I lack nothing but that. I have health and strength, a light heart, and a clear head. I have no inordinate desires, no impossible longings. I possess myself thoroughly, my heart, my brain, my will.'

'And yet you sigh for wealth! You must be mistaken in your-

self; you are not so strong as you think. What could money give you that you do not already possess?’

‘Many things, Sir,’ said I bitterly, thinking of my past privations and present sorrows. ‘It would give me the books that I need, the pictures that I love. I could build myself a cottage in the country, or, if I were fool enough to desire it, a palace in Parvenu Square. I could go to Europe, to London, Paris, or Rome.’

‘Any thing else?’

‘Yes,’ I answered sharply, provoked by his coolness, ‘I could probably save the life of my child.’

‘I had forgotten that you were married, Mr. Tracy. Tell me of your wife and child.’

He spoke kindly, tenderly even, but I repulsed him. ‘There is nothing to tell, save that my child is sick, perhaps dying.’

‘Poor fellow.’ He fell into a brown study, twirling the jasper signet in his fingers.

‘I gather from what you say,’ I resumed, ‘that you think the Gurney family an unlucky one, but you have not told me what the ring has to do with it. I am not disposed to admit in human affairs either the capricious interference of Fortune, or the iron despotism of Fate; still less can I admit the influence of so trivial a thing as a jasper signet. I can imagine that your ancestors were fooled or terrified into such a superstition in the age of astrology, but it is unworthy of you, and this age of enlightenment. If your family has been unfortunate, Mr. Gurney, it is because some member of it has transmitted some weakness to his descendants.

‘The fault, dear BRUTUS, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.’

‘As you please: I did not expect you to believe me. But the facts are the same nevertheless. None of our family have ever been happy, or ever will be. Wretchedness is our doom. Our motto should be *Miserrimus*; our crest a bleeding heart. We are rich, but we take no pleasure in our riches. We are loving, but we are seldom loved, or what we love dies. In short, we are miserable, thanks to the jasper signet.’

‘In the name of common-sense, then,’ I exclaimed, ‘why keep it among you? Why not destroy it, or give it away? You can powder it in the fire, I suppose, or throw it into the sea? It will burn, or sink.’

‘It will do neither, sagacious poet. For one of my ancestors who dabbled in alchemy a century or two ago, baffled in his search for the Philosopher’s stone, the impossible *Aurum Potabile*, wreaked his vengeance on the ring, which he conceived to be the cause of his disappointment, and threw it into his crucible at a white heat. It would have melted granite, but it failed to consume the jasper signet, for when the fire died out it was found uninjured; the setting was not even tarnished. Another member of the family — my Uncle Bernard — dropped it into the Tiber, but it came back to him, like the ring of Polycrates.’

'But you could give it away,' I persisted.

'It has been given away many times, but it has brought so much misery on its new owner, that he has always returned it to the giver.'

'Suppose you should give it to me, how would it affect me?'

'You would not believe me if I should tell you.'

'Try me.'

'It would make you rich.'

'Come, I should like that.'

'But it would rob you of your identity.'

'That is impossible.'

'I said you would not believe me.'

'Do you mean to tell me, Arthur Gurney, that if I should wear this jasper signet, I should cease to be Richard Tracy?'

'So runs the tradition.'

'I have no faith in traditions, and to show you that I have not, I will, with your permission, wear the ring until we meet again. Shall I?'

'By no means. If not for your own sake, for that of your wife and child, beware of the jasper signet. You could not help me by knowing and sharing my lot. It would increase your misery, while it would not lighten mine. I must meet my doom alone. Be content as you are, for no exchange that you could make would benefit you. Leave all to God and time.'

It was late that night when we parted. I followed him to the door to get a breath of air. The night wind was sweet and fresh, breathing of the green woods and the salt sea. It flowed around us we stood on the stoop, laying its cool fingers in benediction on our heated brows.

'Good night, and pleasant dreams, Arthur Gurney.'

'Farewell, and a long life, Richard Tracy.'

We shook hands and he departed. I lingered a moment and watched his retreating form. It was a bright night, and I saw him for some distance, now growing dim as he entered the shadows of the trees, and now becoming distinct as he crossed the spaces of moon-shine. He turned the corner, and I saw him no more, save in his shadow, which trailed like a dark pillar behind him. It disappeared, and the sound of his steps died away. I locked the door and returned to my work.

The visit of Arthur Gurney, unexpected though it was, was of service to me. It kept me from thinking too much of my sick child, and it rested my weary mind. I could not have finished my task that night but for his interruption. I matured my plan as I talked with him, and worked it out as I listened. When he rose to depart I was within a few lines of the end. There was nothing to do but to write down what I had composed — some twenty or thirty lines in all — and give the whole an epigrammatic turn. I seized my pen and dashed it hurriedly across the paper, making a series of hieroglyphics, which would have delighted Champollion or Layard.

It was soon finished, and I proceeded to put the table in order, piling up the books and arranging the papers in my portfolio. In so doing, I happened to move my pistol, when I discovered the jasper signet, which Arthur Gurney had left, whether through forgetfulness or design I never knew. I took it cautiously between my thumb and finger, as one might take some strange instrument of death, and held it close to the light. It looked quaint and curious, as an old signet-ring should, but by no means dangerous or formidable. The ciphers in the setting were unchanged; the stone was as clear as ever. I saw no difference in it, except that the blood-spots appeared a little redder and larger, but that might have been my fancy. It is true that I felt somewhat nervous as I handled it, but any imaginative person would have felt so after listening to the strange narrative of Arthur Gurney.

‘How absurd that poor fellow was,’ I said, ‘to talk as he did about this poor, old harmless ring. It must have been the Byronic beverage that he drank, for certainly no man would believe such nonsense in his sober senses. ‘If you wear the ring,’ he said, ‘you will lose your identity.’ I’ve a good mind to try it.’ And I put it on my finger.

As it slipped down, joint after joint, the most singular sensation came over me. At first a sharp thrill ran through my frame, beginning at my heart, and pulsing outward like the waves of an electric sea. This was followed by a sudden tremor of the nerves, which ended in an overpowering faintness. What took place next I knew not, for when I recovered I had no remembrance that any thing unusual had happened. How could I have, when my identity was gone?

I awoke in a richly-furnished chamber. The light of the chandelier was turned on full, and I saw every thing as clearly as if it had been day. The walls were hung with beautiful pictures—the master-pieces of the finest modern masters, Scheffer, Delaroche, and Horace Vernet, with here and there a choice impression of the rarest engravings of Raphael Morghen. But the gem of the collection was a pair of Turners—a morning and evening at sea. In the one you saw a noble barge, crowded with lords and ladies, flying before the wind, with her sails all set and her streamers flying; in the other, the fragments of a wreck, drifting over a measureless sea: the sun was just plunging in the gloomy waves, a world of fire and blood! The mantle was loaded with Sevres vases, and rich ornaments in *ormolu* and bronze, and tables of rose-wood and ebony were strewn with objects of *virtu*. High-backed Gothic chairs, covered with royal brocade, were scattered around. I might describe the soft carpets and the tufted rugs; the heavy-hanging damask curtains, with their fluted, pillar-like folds; the brilliant mirrors reaching from floor to ceiling; but to what end? It is enough to say that I was in the chamber of the rich and voluptuous Arthur Gurney. I was Arthur Gurney!

I sat in a fanteuil, holding in my hand a lady’s miniature. It was that of my Cousin Beatrice. She was as fair as an angel, but

a deep sadness had settled on her face, shading its beauty and brightness. She was pale and ghost-like, with thin, spiritual lips, and earnest but melancholy eyes.

‘How beautiful, if sorrow had not made  
Sorrow more beautiful than beauty’s self.’

I took from my pocket a letter. It was the fatal letter from England, telling me of my cousin’s death. ‘Here,’ I murmured, poring over the miniature, ‘here is my dear Beatrice as I saw her a little month ago, the sweetest soul that ever tabernacled in clay; and here,’ looking at the letter, ‘is that which tells me I shall see her no more! How *could* she die, when I needed her so much? She was my hope, my life, the only thing that I loved. How weak and unmanly Tracy was, to repine as he did to-night! He has a wife that loves him, and a child — his child, and hers — a little angel, still in the light of Heaven. But I am alone, alone! Were Beatrice living, my Beatrice, my beloved, my betrothed, my wife, I would not shrink from poverty as he does, but would battle with it royally, crowned with the great diadem of Love! But it is too late! it is too late! There is nothing left me but to die!’

I crumpled the letter in my hand, and kissed the miniature of Beatrice for the last time. As I rose I caught sight of my face in the mirror. It was haggard, and ghastly pale. ‘Come, come, Arthur Gurney, be firm; it will not do to play the woman now.’ I strode up to the mirror, as I have seen men do when excited by wine, and took a long look at myself. How black my hair was! and what a wild light glared in my sunken eyes! ‘Good-by, Arthur Gurney!’ I smiled and walked to the window. The sky was sown with stars, and the full moon hung over the tops of the trees. ‘Farewell, O moon, and stars, and summer night! a long farewell!’

I cocked my pistol and placed it to my heart. ‘Beatrice,’ I shrieked, ‘I come.’ My finger was on the trigger — another second and I would have been in Eternity. But suddenly my hand was seized, and a woman’s shriek rang in my ear: ‘*Richard!*’ I struggled violently, determined not to be balked in my purpose. ‘*Richard! Richard!*’ I heeded her not, but tore off the hand that held me. At that moment the jasper signet dropped from my finger, and the charm was broken. I was no longer Arthur Gurney, but Richard Tracy! I was saved from death by my wife, who came into the room to tell me that my child was better. ‘The doctor has been here, dear husband, and he says that the crisis is past. Our little Ambrose will live.’ I threw myself into her arms and burst into tears.

‘Look at the watch, Bessy,’ said I, trembling at my narrow escape, ‘and note the time carefully, for Arthur Gurney is dead. He died to-night, and by his own hand.’

It was even so. For in the morning he was found in his chamber dead, with a bullet through his heart! His watch was in his pocket, stopped! It pointed to the very minute when Bessy arrested my hand!

## MOOSE-HUNTING IN A CANADIAN WINTER.

WHEN the winter snow-fall lies heavy and deep  
In rounded hillock and drifted heap,  
And the frosty flakes like diamonds shine  
On the boughs of the hemlock and plummy pine;  
Then forth to the northern wilderness  
The hardy trappers and hunters press.

The snow lieth deep, the snow lies white,  
It fills the hollows, it tops the height;  
The frozen river, the icy-bound lakes  
Are covered o'er by the sparkling flakes;  
The brook lies mute and choked in its bed,  
You cannot trace where its channels led;  
The cedar branch is bent to the ground,  
The spruce with a weighty burden is crowned;  
Afar spreads a silent and crystal waste,  
Where the features of nature are all effaced.

But the valiant hunter hath heart of steel;  
He buckles the snow-shoes firm to his heel;  
His Indian blanket and buck-skin dress  
Suit well with the rugged wilderness;  
A leathern girdle surrounds his waist,  
Wherein his axe and wood-knife are placed:  
Then forth at the crimson dawning of day  
With his heavy rifle he takes his way.

The snow lies hard, for the keen, cold night  
Hath formed a crust both solid and bright;  
So the hunter strides on with a steadfast tread  
Wherever the icy deserts may spread;  
Knowing well the great moose and the cariboa  
With their clattering hoofs must wallow through;  
Although they be fleet as bird on the wing  
When o'er the firm turf of the forests they spring,  
Yet when helpless they sink in the yielding snow  
They're an easy prey to their resolute foe.

The great northern stag, with antlers so broad,  
With hoofs that can fence, or assault like a sword,  
Is a terrible foe; so hunter beware,  
Nor rashly the dangerous champion dare:  
His many-tined antlers are like spikes of the oak,  
As sharp as a dagger, as fatal their stroke;  
Those prongs they would toss both hunter and hound,  
Their stab would impale them like worms of the ground:  
First drive the ounce-bullet through skull and through brain,  
Till he paint with his gore the snows of the plain;  
Then draw the keen edge of your blade o'er his throat,  
And sound the death-slogan with shrill bugle-note.

In the far away northernmost wilds of Maine,  
Where the murmuring pines all the year complain,  
In the unknown Aroostuck's lonesome world,  
Or where the waters of Moosehead are curled,



The stalwart wood-cutter pitches his camp ;  
In his cabin of logs trims his winter lamp,  
And oft when the Moose-herd hath formed its 'y'  
And trampled the snows like a pavement hard,  
The woodman forsakes his sled and his team,  
And this harvest of logs by the frozen stream ;  
And armed with his axe and his rifle, he goes  
To slaughter the moose blocked in by the snows ;  
And many a savory banquet doth cheer  
The fire-side joys of his wintry year,  
With the haunch of the moose and the dappled deer.

*New-York, August 8th, 1858.*

#### THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

In one of the wildest regions of the Alps an immense glacier, the accumulation of centuries, impends over a hamlet far below. The mountaineer whispers as he passes over it, lest the huge mass part from its icy fastenings. Men go up from year to year to measure the fissures, always widening, and ever report the avalanche as near at hand ; but the Alpine glacier remains, and the villagers live on, like their ancestors before them, in a state of awful insecurity, threatened with swift destruction every moment. Such, for more than a century, has been the condition of the Ottoman Empire.

Osman, when but the leader of a nomadic band whose progenitors had wandered from the banks of the Oxus to the western confines of Asia, foresaw in a dream the future greatness of the Osmanlis. He beheld the leafy tent under which he reposed, expand until it rested on those four magnificent pillars of empire, the Atlas, the Taurus, the Hæmus, and the Caucasus. At his feet rolled the Nile, the Tigris, the Euphrates, and the Danube, covered with ships, like the sea. In the valleys sprang up cities crowned with pyramids and gilded domes, while in cypress-groves the prayers of the Imaums were mingled with the songs of innumerable birds. Above this leafy tent, grown from the body of Osman himself, rose the crescent, the symbol of Ottoman dominion. Its sabre-like branches pointed to the different cities of the earth, and especially to Constantinople, which, lying at the union of two seas and two continents, like 'a diamond between two sapphires,' formed the clasp to a ring of empire seeming to embrace the world. This ring fell into the hands of Osman, and the Turkish Empire was founded, to shoot with meteor-like brilliancy into the first rank of temporal powers.

The flood of the Ottoman invasion, following the retiring ebb of the Crusades, rolled beyond the Hellespont, and inspired terror in imperial Rome, even before a successor of the Caliphs came to occupy the throne of the Constantines. Owing to the dismember-

ment of the Eastern Empire, the fairest seats of civilization fell an easy conquest to the Osmanlis, and the Turk sat down amid the fallen temples of ancient cities, like Marius among the ruins of Carthage. The reminiscences of Grecian history, and the triumphs of Grecian art — what were they to the simple child of nature, trusting in Fatality and wedded to an Eastern system of government and religion as unchangeable as the mountains? The matchless eloquence of her orators and the fine frenzy of her poets could no more touch those brains of lead and hearts of stone than move the marble statues hewn from the quarries of Pentelicus! As a conqueror, the Turk learned nothing from the conquered; nor would he heed the voices of civilization, until the Sibyl had opened her book and read from its illumined pages the certain lesson of his destiny.

Islamism is an Asiatic institution, and the attempt to establish it permanently on European soil has proved a failure, from the fact that there is no sympathy of race, or religion, or otherwise, between the East and the West. Nor could that simple system by which Mohammed sought chiefly to convert a few Arabian tribes to the belief in one God, expand like the tent of Arabian fiction, so as to embrace the entire regions and people of the earth. The idea of universal, or even of extensive dominion, was purely an afterthought with the Camel-driver of Mecca, or rather with his successors. This is evident from the precepts of the Koran, and the 'acts and sayings' of the Prophet. During the lunar month of Ramazan, the Turkish Lent, a rigid fast is enjoined upon the faithful. No one is allowed to eat, drink, smoke, enjoy the fragrance of a rose, or gratify any appetite whatever, from sun-rise to the time when, as Mussulmans say, 'a white thread can no longer be distinguished from one that is black.' Trying as this abstinence is, under the burning sun of Southern Asia, it would be unendurable in regions where the days are several months in length.

The ablutions, also, which are so intimately connected with the worship of Islam, can be practised only in a warm climate like that of Arabia. The absolute necessity of pilgrimage, as expressed in the declaration of the Prophet, 'He that does not visit Mecca once in his life, is an infidel,' could have had reference only to persons living at least within a few hundred miles of the holy city. Another proof is the occurrence of the month of pilgrimage in winter as well as in summer — the Moslems computing time by lunar months.

In the first war of the Russians and the Turks, the latter were obliged to raise the siege of Astrakan. They then projected an expedition into Russia, but were deterred by the Khan of the Crimea, who feared that the success of the Turks would inaugurate his own entire subjection to their authority. He represented to them, that in the regions of the Don and the Volga, the winter extended over nine months, and in summer the nights were only three hours long: whereas the Prophet appointed the evening prayers two hours after sunset, and the morning orisons at the

break of day. The Turks, terrified at this seeming contradiction between nature and the ordinances of religion, embarked at once for Constantinople.\*

The unity of God (of Allah) is the prominent doctrine of the Koran; but there is no spirituality in that confused imitation of the Holy Scriptures. Islamism materializes man; Christianity spiritualizes him—the former by extinguishing thought, the latter by awaking it. The one system degrades existence to an idle dream, and promises a paradise of sensual gratification; the other exalts life into a heroic struggle for ourselves and our race, and promises a heaven of spiritual delight. The teachings of Mohammed leave man where they found him, while the teachings of CHRIST raise him to a sublime height of virtue, and make him worthy of the promised reward. Yet Mohammedanism is not altogether a system of error; if so, it had long since passed away. Among the hundred and ten million Moslems who receive the Koran, it has destroyed caste and abolished idolatry. It has taught that man can worship God without an infallible church and sin-forgiving priest. Stripped of all the tissues which Asiatic sensuality has woven around the system, it has much of the naked and austere grandeur of Protestantism. In Mussulman temples dwell none of the mystic shadows and reveries peculiar to the old Cathedrals of Europe. The iconoclastic genius of Islam forbids all those embodiments of the theatrical, the idolatrous, and the sensual, which, in Greek and Catholic churches, materialize the idea of God. All ecstasy and enthusiasm are proscribed. The thoughts of the worshipper are distracted and menaced by no theatrical exhibition of the mysteries of the faith; they are restrained by no formal liturgy. Like other religious systems that have moulded the Oriental mind, Islamism contains some elements of truth. From these it has derived its vitality. Error is weakness. Truth alone imparts immortal vigor.

The superiority of the Arab race to that of Osman, enabled it to rise for a time above the despotism of the Koran. Endowed with more spirit and imagination, the Arabs became the instructors of the world in science and art; but it was only to sink to a greater depth of ignorance and darkness. After the flush of Ottoman conquest came the period of decay. When the proud descendants of Osman laid down the sword, unlike the Magyars and other conquering nomads from the East, they took up the pipe, and made of life one long delicious *kief*. From a nation of enthusiasts and conquerors, the Osmanlis became a nation of sleepers and smokers. They came into Europe with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other: were they driven out of their encampment, it would be with the Koran in one hand and the pipe in the other, crying: '*Kismet! Kismet! Allah kehrim!*' (God hath willed it! God is great!)

When in the great Mosque of Eyoub the new Padisha has

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\* BANCROFT'S Miscellanies.

girded on the sword of Osman, the illustrious founder of the Ottoman dynasty, turning to one of his ministers, he exclaims : '*Keyzylemada giorus chelem !*' (May we see each other in Rome !) Though now a mere formality, this ceremony shows how the haughty sultans once meditated supplanting the tiara by the turban. It carries our thoughts back to the time when the taking of Otranto caused as much terror as the appearance of Attila on the Mincio ; when there was trembling in the Vatican, and the Papal power almost determined again to remove its seat to Avignon.

Times change. We have seen the throne of the Osmanlis, before which the representatives of great kings once bowed the neck and held the voice subdued, threatened to be submerged by the returning waves of invasion ; and the hand which formerly issued the bulletins of victorious armies and the recitals of conquest, stretched forth supplicatingly to the powers whose subjects were a few years ago termed *dogs of infidels*.

'Let him that gives aid to the Turks be excommunicated,' stands written in the canons of the Church. But in the late war, the Gallic defender of the Catholic faith became the firm ally of the Sultan. The *kyrie eleison* and *Allah illah Allah* rose together, while the followers of CHRIST and the followers of Mohammed went into combat shoulder to shoulder, bearing side by side the crescent and the cross. Yet in this crusade of Louis Napoleon, the Occident and the Orient have been brought together on a magnificent scale. Thus are made acquainted men who have hitherto met only on fields of carnage, and seen each other only through the smoke of battles. Thus also is made to fall the ancient enmity of races.

To sustain the Ottoman Empire has been the great problem of European diplomacy for the last fifty years. Careful, however, have the Christian powers been to impart no elements of strength, but to maintain the falling Colossus in weakness,

'Ever trembling on the verge of fate.'

Block after block has been ruthlessly removed from the magnificent arch of empire which once extended from Belgrade to Bas-sora, until the dominion of the Sultans has virtually passed away. The Ottoman Empire was great and glorious when the nations of the West were weak and semi-barbarous. But what has she not lost ? Greece and fair islands in the *Ægean* no longer hers ; Egypt, Syria, and the land of Mecca retained only by the interference of Christian powers ; the richest provinces in Europe and Asia incorporated into other realms ; the haughty Moslems virtually excluded from Servia and Wallachia ; Bosnia and Albania estranged, and Epirus and Macedonia held by the feeblest tenure ; invasions from without which she cannot repel, and dissensions within, which, unaided, she cannot crush ; heterogeneous and rebellious populations in three-quarters of the globe to govern and assimilate, yet without powerful armies, or fleets, or treasures, or,

indeed — save an illustrious history — any of those elements of strength which constitute the greatness and the enduring glory of a State — behold the humiliations of the Padisha!

Nor is the Mohammedanism of to-day by any means what it was, even a quarter of a century ago. Fanaticism has, in part, given place to infidelity, to that absence of religious faith, which is better than error, and may be followed by a healthy Christian belief. The faithful admit that converts may be made by conviction as well as by the sword. An elastic interpretation of the Koran, inspired by the unyielding force of events and excused by the linguistic pliancies of the Moslems, declares that the apostate to Christianity may live, although his presence is not to be endured. Already a venerable American missionary has taken up his residence in Stamboul. Already *Giaour Effendis*, no longer called ‘Christian dogs,’ are admitted within the mosque of Omer in Jerusalem; and, reader, ere ten years have passed away, the Christian traveller shall visit Mecca and Medina without disguise. Already the Protestant Bible is sold in more than a hundred places in the Turkish Empire. The call of the muezzin to prayer is often unheeded. Instead of the ablutions, a little water is sprinkled on the hands and shoes. A few words are hastily mumbled over for prayers. Many of the Moslems drink wine, and eat the flesh of animals slain without the *bismillah*, (‘In the name of God,’) and piously ignore the difference between mutton and pork.

But while this drama was being acted on the seat of the Eastern Empire; while England, inspiring the genius of great enterprises, carrying civilization to the remotest regions, and seeking to unite all the people of the earth by the ties of commerce, strove to whiten the sea with ships and clothe the world in cotton; while all the schemes floating in the undefined limbo of French politics had for their one great object the glory of France; while France herself electrified the world with magnificent ideas, which, if not her own, she could so infuse with her genius as to captivate and enthral; while the princes of Germany were struggling for the imperial crown, lost amid the surges of revolution — in the tumult of these multitudinous events, with slow and solemn tread, a colossal power was merging from the North on the arena of European politics.

The nation of Ivan sprung originally from a small territory below the Woldai, and, insensibly enlarging in every direction, became the Russia of to-day, occupying a seventh part of the habitable globe. Her colossal proportions, resting upon both hemispheres, call to mind the empire of Genghis Khan, and of Rome in her palmiest days. Like Charles V., the Czar can boast that the sun never sets on his dominions; but that his rays daily encircle the earth with the sheen of Cossack spears. Presenting every variety of climate and soil, from hyperborean regions covered with eternal snows, to valleys blooming perpetually with the flowers of the Orient; from thunder-riven peaks to illimitable prairies, washed by four inland seas and the most magnificent rivers of the eastern world; her

cities and plains are inhabited by sixty-five million human beings, speaking almost every language, and exhibiting almost every type of the human race.

Russia, lying between the Occident and the Orient, extends her arms to both. On one side she has the enlightened nations of Europe, on the other the nomadic tribes of the Asiatic plains. She has the energy and civilization of the West; but in soil, in climate, in political and national characteristics, is far more closely allied to Asia than to Europe.

It was to be hoped that Russia would enter upon the mission which Turkey should have undertaken — the blending of the East and West. Becoming thoroughly civilized herself, she might arouse the Asiatic nations from their lethargic sleep of centuries, engraft upon them the civilization of the West, and impart to our too material conceptions something of the dreamy imagination and mystic spirit of the Orientals.

During the forty years of peace that preceded the present struggle, all the conservative hands of Europe were at work upon the northern Colossus. Nationalities were crushed beneath her tread. Owing to a marvellous power of assimilation, every territorial acquisition augmented her strength. Poland, Finland, the immense provinces wrested from Turkey and Persia, multiplied her armies and gave her additional momentum in the course of conquest. Conservative at home, she became revolutionary abroad. More disorganizing in her policy than ancient Rome, she scrupled not to avail herself of Punic faith and Scythian violence. The spell of Russian invincibility bound the nations.

The Pope of Rome is the spiritual head of multitudes in every quarter of the globe. Sixty million Moslems, of whom but sixteen million are under the temporal authority of the Sultan, look up to him as a descendant of the Prophet and the leader of the faithful. A like ambition seized upon the Autocrat of the North, and forthwith the self-styled maintainer of the order and peace of Europe became the protector of Christians in the East. Had not every wave of innovation been dashed into foam before the ramparts of her social system? Had not her legions been repeatedly marched into Central Europe in the cause of peace and order? Had not two of the most illustrious sovereigns of modern times, Charles XII. and Napoleon Bonaparte, made shipwreck of their fortunes on the rock of Russian power? Had not the Cossacks of the Wolga watered their horses on the banks of the Seine, and the fleets of Russia appeared in the Mediterranean and in the Pacific? Napoleon first saw his star of empire pale behind the lurid flames of Moscow, and with the fame of a mythical demi-god, sunk, to be chained, like Prometheus, to the rock of St. Helena; but the Czar Alexander, in Paris, became the arbiter of nations, and held in his hand the destiny of Europe. Was it, therefore, unnatural that these flaxen-haired children of the North should aspire to descend to the Hellespont, and shake the rupee trees of India?



As we follow the Eastern war, through seas of blood and seas of ink, through the entanglements of cabinets and the stratagems of camps, through the arcana of diplomacy and the imbroglions of policy, we come to the conclusion that the ways of courts are inscrutable, and the follies of kings past finding out. And to-day, after the sacrifice of half a million of men and unnumbered millions of treasure, we are apparently no nearer the settlement of the Oriental question than when the Russians first crossed the Pruth.

Russia, whatever may have been her secret purposes in the past, whatever may be her aims in the future, has been of lasting service to European Turkey. With incalculable evils she has also brought incalculable good. The Northern Enchanter has aroused her sleeping nationalities, has reanimated her expiring strata of civilizations. More than all other powers combined, Russia has brought back to the Greek the thought of his heroic origin, and awakened in the Slave the remembrance of his ancient dominion. She has given law and organization to the klephts of the mountains, and inspiring somewhat of her own barbaric courage in the timid Wallachs and Bulgarians of the plains, has taught them to aspire to equality with their Turkish lords. Even the rude shocks of war have tended to arouse the dormant energies of these Christian races.

Western Asia belongs to Islam. Of the fifteen million Christians living under the Ottoman government, more than thirteen millions belong to Europe. Of the sixteen million Turks, more than fourteen millions live on Asiatic soil, leaving less than two millions encamped in Europe.

In view of humanity, in view of preventing an outbreak of the old Moslem fanaticism, in view of protecting the germs of Christianity springing up on Asiatic soil, the forcible expulsion of the Turks from Europe cannot be entertained for a moment. Nor, as is generally supposed, has the Turkish Empire its centre of gravity in Asia, but in Europe. This is evident from the want of sympathy between the different Moslem races, as the Arabs and Turks, from the advance of Mohammed Ali almost to the gates of Stamboul, and also from the events of the late war.

Yet even now there is an appearance of life in Stamboul; for as the blood leaves the extremities of the Empire, it flows to the heart. As the Paleologus promised to *latinize* the Eastern Empire, so Abdul Medjid attempts to regenerate the Osmanlis by reproducing French civilization along the Bosphorus. But the different types of civilization cannot be transplanted, like exotics, from country to country, and be made to flourish upon any and every soil. The elements of civilization are indeed thus transferable; but its peculiar and distinguishing type, the essential entity, must be a spontaneous development. So far as the Turks are concerned, the attempt of Abdul Medjid will prove a failure. The political institutions of the West cannot flourish under the ægis of Otto-

man protection. Foreign means and foreign elements may be employed with advantage, but the plant itself must be native and not exotic.

The so-called Turkish reforms are the carnival of civilization. To reduce the folds of the Turkish Turban; to diminish the amplitude of Turkish pantaloons; to remove the veil from the face of Turkish beauty; to substitute wine for water given by Allah; to exchange polygamy for French prostitution — do not Christianize the Turks, but they do destroy what is peculiar to Ottoman civilization, and excite the contempt of the green-turbaned hater of the Tanzimat. It is one thing to read magnificent firmans in Stamboul removing old abuses, and equalizing the Christian and the Turk; it is another thing to execute them in the distant provinces of the Empire. The Beys and Pachas, who talk pompously of reforms beside the walls of the Seraglio, become different individuals when dispensing life and death in Syria and Macedonia.

How then are the Turks to be regenerated? The Bible must be placed in their hands, and a germ of civilization be developed that shall be peculiarly Turkish, and consequently adapted to the Oriental mind. But is the Porte willing to take this initiatory step? So far from it, a converted Moslem could hardly live in Stamboul, were the fact of his apostasy generally known. That Armenian and Greek, Catholic and Protestant, are permitted to worship freely under Ottoman protection, results not so much from religious liberty or toleration on the part of the Turks, as from a *sovereign contempt for Christianity*, more blighting even than persecution, from that *laissez faire* policy which has crushed the pillars of Ottoman civilization, and under which the well-chiseled monuments of ancient art have mouldered away.

Never before has Turkey been in so unsettled a condition; never before has she so required the interference of the Christian powers. The recent outbreaks, extending through whole provinces; the massacre of Christians in various parts of the empire; the growing hostility between the Christians and the Moslems, as well as between the Mussulmans of the new school and the old, and the feverish fanaticism which seems to pervade the Mohammedan world; all these plainly indicate that the days of Moslem rule, in Europe at least, are numbered. The Turks have proved themselves to be out of place west of the Bosphorus; and it is the duty of the Christian powers to see that they are peacefully removed to Asia, and the place they have occupied given to others.

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‘God help me,’ cried the poor man,  
And the rich man said, ‘Amen.’  
The poor man died at the rich man’s door :  
God helped the poor man then.

## T H O M A S J E F F E R S O N . \*

THE romance of American history yet remains to be written. We have tomes of economical facts, of public and private data, of material memoranda; but scarce a half-dozen works which, while they tell the real story, also lift the veil and let us into the households and hearts of the people, into the daily life and associations which proved the mother of the great events that followed. Of the Puritans we know much, but no 'historian' has brought the real Roundhead before us, with his relentless theology and stubborn nature; it remained for the novelist to present us the social and personal picture of those New-England ancestors. Hawthorne is a truer chronicler than Bancroft. We learn from the voluminous 'Documentary History of New-York' all about New-Amsterdam, as it is historically recorded; but it is to Irving that we are indebted for our familiarity with the Manhattaners, the original Knickerbockers, the queer Mynheers; and what a charming story it is! Would that Penn's Colony, Lord Baltimore's Domain, the Virginia and Carolina Plantations, Oglethorpe's Settlement, and the early San Augustine occupation by Spain, had as faithful and loving chroniclers! Charles Guyarre, in his romance of Louisiana's history, has performed for his State the beneficent service; but who has written up the romantic in Kentucky's wild history, in Ohio's most exciting settlement, in Indiana's and Michigan's long wrestle with barbarism? Who has recorded the fearful tragedies, the wonderful adventures, the singular life-experiences of the Mississippi Valley colonies?

Fiction writers, who are casting about for the 'thrilling' and 'exciting,' need no longer torture their poor brains for their story's ghost, since here are novelties and romances, real life and heart-histories, which shall cause the eye to fill with tears, the soul to shudder in horror, the mind to recoil from the very thought; which can, too, stir the sweeter sympathies within us, by the contemplation of scenes of innocence and love and repose.

The Virginia and Carolina plantations produced many men of renown. The rich tide-water country, from the seaboard to the Ridge lands, and from this to the range of Blue Ridge mountains, was dotted with splendid estates, whose proprietors lived in all the dignity of barons of the realm, as they virtually were. These men gave to Virginia the 'Chivalry' and those 'First Families' which, for so many generations, were her boast; and from these baronial homes came those noblemen of our history — the Washingtons, the Lees, the Randolphs, the Fairfaxes, the Harrisons, the Carys, the Pendletons, the Wythes, the Carters, the Henrys, Madisons, Jeffersons, and many others whose names are a rich inheritance. Economists may reason that primogeniture and large estates are not productive of good fruits to the common country;

\* Life of THOMAS JEFFERSON. By HENRY S. RANDALL, LL.D. Three volumes, octavo. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON.

but that they do produce great spirits for trying times, the war of our Revolution and the later Crimean war, prove.

The father of Thomas Jefferson was one of the bravest and best of his time. He was a person of gigantic proportions, of Herculean strength. His life of surveyor and of colonel of the county, proved him a brave man; his experience as justice proved him a just man; his service in the Virginia House of Burgesses proved him a wise man; while the integrity and independence of character which marked his constant intercourse with men, rendered him of the type fitted to produce a revolutionary son.

THOMAS JEFFERSON was born at Shadwell, in Albemarle county, Virginia, on the second day of April, A.D. 1743, (O. S.) Mr. Randall says: 'The father of Thomas died when the boy was fourteen years old, but he had already taught him to sit his horse, fire his gun, boldly stem the Rivanna when the swollen river was 'rolling red from brae to brae,' and press his way with unflagging foot through the rocky summits of the contiguous hills, in pursuit of deer and wild turkeys. But his attention was not limited to physical training. Though his son was kept constantly at school, in the evenings he put good books into his hands for reading, taught him to keep accounts, instructed him in his own beautiful penmanship, and impressed upon his mind lessons of system, punctuality, energy, and perseverance.' And further: 'There was some physical resemblance between them. According to tradition, the calm, thoughtful, firm eye of the son, and the outlines of his face, were those of his father; his physical strength, too, was beyond that of ordinary men; but his slim form and delicate fibres were those of his mother's family, the Randolphs. His mind, too, gave evidence of both parental stocks — of the auspicious combination of new strength with courtly culture, of the solid with the showy, of robust sense with the glitter of talent.'

In this extract (blunderingly composed\* though it be) we have a good characterization of Thomas Jefferson, as he grew to man's estate.

At seventeen he entered William and Mary College, at Richmond. He remained but two years, yet his acquirements were numerous. In 1762 he entered as a student in the law-office of

\* The style of Mr. RANDALL is exceedingly loose at times, and greatly mars the first half of the first volume. In the second and third volumes we find less to complain of, though there is much tautology and want of precision throughout the whole work.

'A glance at the map of Virginia shows that the territory of that State is divided,' etc., instead of: Shows the territory of that State to be divided. 'In that house was born THOMAS JEFFERSON,' instead of: THOMAS JEFFERSON was born. 'Lands were obtained from Government and otherwise: 'from otherwise is not precisely grammatical. Such expressions as, 'combined into,' 'embodied into,' 'insight into,' do not sound well. He speaks of gardens 'bravely ornamented,' a new kind of ornamentation. We have sentences like this: 'Like a celebrated contemporary, twenty-four years younger, GEORGE WASHINGTON,' etc. And this: 'His tract lay mostly on the plain, but it also extended up the declivities of the hills, embracing the entire one afterward named Monticello.' Does 'one' refer for its predicate to plain, or tract, or hills? And thus: 'Pressing his way with unflagging foot through the rocky summits.' Going through rocky summits, must be regarded as rather figurative. Again: 'At five years old he was placed at the English school,' etc., instead of, At five years of age he was placed in the English school. This expression, at 'years old' is frequent. Of PETER JEFFERSON he writes: 'Traditions have come down of his continuing his lines as a surveyor through savage wildernesses, after his assistants had given out from fatigue and famine, subsisting on the raw flesh of game, and even of his carrying mules, when other food failed, sleeping in a hollow tree,' etc., etc. How many mules could he carry? is a question. These, and a multitude of like rhetorical and unexcusable inaccuracies, mar the narrative.

the celebrated George Wythe, where his college studies were still pursued. Ere he ceased these elementary labors he became master of, or acquainted with, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Anglo-Saxon. Against 'metaphysics' he inveighs strongly, yet we find him earnestly recommending a favorite nephew to read Epictetus, Plato's Socratic Dialogues, Cicero's Philosophies, Antoninus and Seneca; while he commends 'the writings of Sterne particularly, as the best course of morality that ever was written!' The mind of Mr. Jefferson, at this early day, betrayed some of those 'crotchets' which afterward led him into singular inconsistencies of judgment and feeling. He formed sudden opinions, and gave expression to them in strong language, at times when it was a matter of wonder how he could be so blind to counter evidence.

Mr. Randall says: 'In the cognate branch of poetry, somewhat strangely, it might seem, in view of the preceding,' (referring to the list of historians and prose writers whom the subject especially treasured,) 'and of his utilitarian tendencies, he was a pretty general reader. His particular favorites among the classics were Homer, the Greek Dramatists, and Horace; and, of later times, Tasso, Molière, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, the old English ballad, pastoral, and lyrical writers, and lastly, Ossian. He admired Virgil and Dante, but read them less. The same may be said of Corneille in contrast with Molière. (He had a decided taste for pure comedy.) Petrarch, ever ringing his changes on Laura, was not to his taste. Metastasio was enjoyed by him in lighter moods perhaps quite as often as Tasso. He loved the dulcet melodies of several of the minor Italian poets, and neatly-written copies of several of their songs, in his early hand-writing, are yet preserved. This song-copying seems not to have been an unusual amusement with him. Lying before us, thus traced, are 'Lovely Peggy,' 'Tweedside,' 'Mary of Tweed,' an English pastoral, commencing, 'It rains, it rains, my fair,' etc. Scraps of Shenstone are scribbled on some of his early manuscripts, but he admired the author of the Leasowes more than any of the pastorals!'

Add to this Jefferson's further accomplishment of amateur violinist, whereby he fiddled his way into the esteem of the Governor of Virginia, and into the heart of the lovely widow, Mrs. Martha Skelton, and we have a pleasing insight into his tastes and mental peculiarities.

Mr. Randall's volumes are so filled with what is new, in regard to Mr. Jefferson's earlier life, that we find it difficult to pass over the pages where minute reference is made to the life led in Governor Fauchier's social circle; to the courtship of, and marriage with, Mrs. Skelton, on January 1st, 1772; to the bridal tour to his half-finished house in Monticello; to his farm life there, with its many incidents illustrating his energy, his tact, his inventive genius, his most astonishing attention to detail and system; his love for and command over horses, of which he was possessed of several of great value for speed and beauty; of his command over those around him; of his increasing personal popularity. These fresh

and original personal memoranda constitute the chief interest which the volumes possess for us; and, notwithstanding the biographer has introduced innumerable pages\* which have little reference to the 'Life,' there yet is so much of interest in his vast fund of purely *new* matter, as to make the volumes savor of novelty and value.

Previous to his marriage (in 1769) he was chosen a member of the House of Burgesses. The first session of the young legislator was an important one. Already was the storm of the Revolution brewing. In reply to the Address of Parliament to the King, on the Massachusetts Colony proceedings, the Virginia Burgesses reasserted the *right* of self-taxation, the *right* of petition, the *right* to coöperate with other Colonies in measures destined for the general good. They also remonstrated positively against the Parliamentary recommendation to the King to transfer to England the trial of persons accused of treason in the Colonies. While a student-at-law, in Williamsburgh, Jefferson had heard the immortal Patrick Henry's speech, in the Virginia House of Burgesses, in 1765, on the Stamp Act; and had been so thoroughly penetrated by the eloquence and truth of that master effort, as to become strongly biased in favor of the popular side. Now that he was a member of the House, he threw his influence into the cause of Freedom, which, at that date (and, indeed, down to 1776) only meant the right of the people to make their own laws and levy their own taxes, still acknowledging allegiance to the King, still contributing to the support of their common country, still accepting their Governors from royal hands, still holding offices by royal commission. It was only after the receipt (on November 9th, 1774) of news of the King's rejection of the second petition of Congress, that steps were taken for the ultimate disavowance of all allegiance to the British Crown.

From Jefferson's entry into the Virginia Burgesses, in 1769, dates his career as patriot and statesman. With a reputation for fine scholarship, with acknowledged eminent legal attainments, with a fine command of language as a writer, he soon became the coadjutor of the leading minds, occupying seats on important committees, drafting papers whose influence was to be felt throughout the country and by the Crown itself. Mr. Randall delineates the history of Virginia legislation through the years next succeeding 1769 in a graphic manner, giving a *resumé* of events which were hurrying on the grand drama so soon to try the strength of patriotism, the wisdom, the power of endurance, of leaders and people alike.

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\* Thus in Chapter I. we have narrated the genealogy of the RANDOLPH family, with their various marriages, offices held by them, etc. Pages 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, discourse upon the History of the Revolution, and refer more to JOHN ADAMS and LEE than to JEFFERSON. And this earnest disquisition is closed by the rather humorous introduction of JEFFERSON's violin! Pages 144 to 164 are devoted to the position held by JOHN ADAMS and RICHARD HENRY LEE, and argument on JEFFERSON's feeling toward the latter, where argument was wholly unnecessary; the whole being more proper for BANCROFT's History than for JEFFERSON's biography. The closing pages of the chapter are also entirely foreign to the work. Throughout the whole three volumes there is much of this 'aside' writing, which greatly detracts from the unity of the Life. Mr. R. presumes entirely too much upon the ignorance of history, upon the reader's part.



## T H O S E   V E S P E R   B E L L S .

'T IS Summer's pensive twilight reign,  
The world seems one embodied thought;  
Silence and shadows fill the plain,  
And Nature to the flowers has brought  
Refreshing balm of crystal dew;  
And Zephyr leaves its place of spells,  
And with a voice of music woos  
The modest flowers that love the dells.

The spirit of the hour awakes  
To luxury of thought and truth,  
Pure as the waters of those lakes  
Where spirits drink immortal youth;  
And through the silent Sabbath air  
A heavenly music soars and swells,  
Making a glorious Eden here —  
The music of the vesper bells.

I heard those bells at morning hour,  
Summoning worshippers to pray;  
And felt their holiness of power,  
As though from heavenly harp a lay  
Of promised mercy had awoke,  
Such as on that redeeming morn  
Gladly upon Judea broke,  
Proclaiming the REDEEMER born.

And then, as grew the golden light  
Of day to fulness and to gladness,  
I shared the bliss of sound and sight,  
And felt not e'en one pulse of sadness:  
But change of time brought change of soul;  
And now I love these lonely dells  
Where, with a saddening cadence, roll  
The echoes of those vesper bells.

O God! how full of bitter tears  
Of agony the very thought  
That they, the friends of fondest years,  
Whose sympathies the heart has sought  
As its best refuge, solace, home —  
Where love enshrined 'mid virtues dwells —  
Must part; and I, within the tomb,  
Nor hear with them those vesper bells.

When earth is past, and I am gone  
On that far journey, which the mind  
Of man may oft reflect upon,  
But which has never been defined;  
When on that journey I depart,  
Friendship e'en now my spirit tells,  
A thought of me will reach thy heart  
Whene'er thou hear'st those vesper bells.

Dews will not be the only tears,  
 Upon the grass above my head,  
 For some will mingle with thy prayers,  
 To tell of sorrow for the dead;  
 And as some angel wafts above  
 Thy prayer to HIM who highest dwells,  
 Thou'lt hear thy God's rewarding love,  
 In sweetness of those vesper bells.

Then, when the rosy Sabbath morn,  
 In glory treadeth o'er the hills,  
 Or evening gems the fragrant thorn,  
 And with her dews the blossom fills,  
 Whisper thy friend, who low and lone,  
 Sleepeth amid the silent dells,  
 And he will know thy music tone,  
 Oft heard beside those vesper bells.

When in their beautiful array,  
 Through Time's bright vista shine the hours,  
 In which our steps rejoiced to stray  
 Through avenues of odorous flowers:  
 Oh! wilt thou not in fancy deem  
 The whisper of my spirit dwells,  
 Like echo of some tuneful dream,  
 And mingles with those vesper bells?

#### T H E B U L G A R I A N S . \*

THE death of Attila, in the year of our era 453, gladdened the civilized world. Upon this event, the great Hunnic Empire, in obedience to the stern Nemesis that for the deepest crimes visits nations with speediest destruction, experienced the fate of the empires suddenly erected by Alexander and Tamerlane. The nomadic Huns, no longer held together by a powerful arm, fell into their ancient discords. The vast region from the Alps to the Volga, became one great battle-field, and it seemed as if the name and the race itself were about to be effaced from the world. At the end of the fifth century, some of the Hunnic tribes had disappeared, and others wandered to remote regions.

A large body of Huns had, in the mean time, encamped on the left bank of the lower Danube. Finding themselves shut out from Moesia, the bulwark of the Eastern Empire, these indomitable remnants of the race turned elsewhere in pursuit of conquests or of allies. On the vast plains, whence flow the Dnieper, the Dniester, and the Bug, they found a barbarous people, too poor to excite their cupidity, yet powerful enough to serve them as friends. An alliance was formed, and for the first time the Slaves, of whom the Antes, these new associates of the Huns, were the Eastern branch, appeared on the stage of European history.

\* *Histoire d'Attila.* AMÉDÉE THIERRY.—*Slavische Alterthümer.* SCHAFARIK.

The Slavic race inhabited that immense region north of the Carpathians, and between the Euxine and the Baltic, known only by strange names in the geography of the ancients. The word *Slave*, supposed by many to be synonymous with *glory*, signifies *speech*. With the race, the Slave is he who *speaks* that language, which, from its earliest history, has united by a sentiment of fraternity its scattered fragments, however different in social life and political condition: the foreigner is *mute*. But the name which now designates the creature of servitude, is appropriate to the early condition of the race. Exposed to a double current of invasion — from the Asiatics at the east, and the Germans and Scandinavians on the west — the Slaves have rarely enjoyed freedom. At the commencement of the Christian era, they were held in bondage by the Sarmatians. In the fourth century, the Scandinavian Goths subjugated the Sarmatians, and, with them, their serfs. In the year 375, Goth, Sarmatian, and Slave became the vassals of Bolamir, King of the Huns.

By a remarkable combination of circumstances, the death of Attila emancipated for a time these slaves of slaves. The Goths departed for a course of adventure in the south of Europe, while the remnants of the Sarmatians became confounded with the Huns of Denghizikh and Hunakh, the sons of Attila. Thus abandoned by their masters, the Slaves assumed a place in history. As the race exists to-day, from Dalmatia to the Polar regions, so at this early period we find it divided into three great branches: the Antes upon the rivers flowing into the Euxine, the Vendes near the Baltic, and between them the Slavones.

The Antes are properly regarded as the ancestors of the Russians. The object of the Hunno-Slavic coalition was the conquest of the Eastern Empire. 'To the City of the Cæsars!' was then, as it is now, their battle-cry. How often do great events repeat themselves in the cosmorama of history!

The apparition of the Slaves, however, foreboded evil rather than good to the civilized world. Long accustomed to the condition of serfs, they had acquired the habits of stationary life; but their industry was confined to narrow limits. What the Slaves called cities, were merely collections of wretched cabins, scattered over vast spaces, and concealed, like the haunts of savage beasts, in the forests and swamps, to guard them against the rapacity of man. Families, or groups of families, swarmed promiscuously in huts rendered hideous by squalid misery. They lived naked within these, and clothed themselves, without, in the skins of wild-beasts, and rags of coarse cloth manufactured by the women. In some of the tribes, the men besmeared their bodies with soot, so as to give themselves the appearance of being clad in garments.

The Slave refused the flesh of no animal, however unclean; but millet and milk composed his ordinary food. With a strong propensity to idleness and pleasure, he united the virtues of a rude but genuine hospitality, and boasted of the sacredness of his

word. His natural apathy was not unfrequently followed by the most terrible outbursts of passion and of violence. Then the Slave became a pitiless monster, thirsting for blood, and delighting in the infliction of the most inhuman tortures.

With naked head and breast, the Slavic warrior carried at his side a long cutlass, and in his hand a bundle of javelins with poisoned points, whose wounds were fatal, unless the affected part was speedily removed. War was to the Slave what the chase is to the hunter. His tactics were those of the ambuscade. To crouch behind rocks and trees; to creep upon the belly; to pass entire days in rivers and swamps, plunged in the water up to the eyes and breathing through a hollow reed, to patiently await the enemy until the proper moment, and then spring upon him with the suppleness of the panther; this was the manner of warfare in which he delighted.

The Slaves had scarcely an idea of marriage. Among many of their tribes, community of wives prevailed until after the introduction of Christianity. Their vague religious conceptions were obscured, on the one hand, by the practices of sorcery, and on the other, by a rude fetichism. Some of them, unwilling to believe that the world was governed by chance, had indistinct ideas of a SUPREME BEING, who invisibly controlled men and things. Others professed the dualism of the Orient. The white divinities were the source of all good; the black, of all evil. To the latter only were erected rude temples. With the Slaves it seemed useless to bestow a thought upon those benignant beings who never did them harm.

Before turning southward, however, the Huns formed a second and more powerful alliance. A barbarous people, of Finno-Hunnic origin, had, a few years previous, descended from the cold plains of Siberia, and pitched their tents along the Athel, which henceforth became known as the Volga, from the Voulgars, or Bulgarians, encamped upon its banks.

We must refer to the epoch of the apparition of the Huns of Attila, to picture the terror inspired by the appearance of this barbarous horde from the solitudes of Siberia—a people as brutal and ferocious as the wild beasts with which they had lived in the hyperborean forests. Compared with them, the Huns who for more than a century had been brought in contact with the Romans, might have been termed civilized. Their filthy, uncouth forms, and ferocious instincts, surpassed even the most exaggerated descriptions of barbarism. The Bulgarians destroyed merely to destroy. War was their pastime; and wherever they wandered, it was their supreme delight to efface every work erected by the hand of man. They had neither religion nor worship, excepting a species of *chamanism*, practised with bloody and superstitious rites. More hideous than the people themselves, were their sorcerers, who, with terrible convulsions, evoked the spirits of darkness. These were the priests and political counsellors of the rude Bulgarians. In battle they were believed to have the power of mis-

leading the enemy by means of illusory visions, and overpowering them with a terrible enchantment. The Bulgarians had the lustful passions of brutes, without the least restraint in gratification; and there is one crime to which they have the infamous honor of having given a name, in almost every European language.

Among these barbarous strangers, with whom war was synonymous with murder, no one could command without having slain an enemy with his own hand. Their manner of warfare, and wonderful skill in the use of weapons; the enormous bows, and long arrows, sure to reach the mark; the gleaming cutlasses of copper, and the long ropes which, with unerring aim, they wound about the bodies of their flying enemies; the mention of these inspired terror. Of all the barbarians who ravaged the Eastern Empire, the Bulgarians were regarded with the most fearful apprehensions. 'The accursed of God,' is the epithet by which they became known in history.

Eleven years before the appeal from the Huns of the Danube, the Bulgarians, then just arrived in Europe, had attempted to reach that river, but were repelled by Theodoric, who hastily combined the Roman and Gothic forces, and himself, in battle, wounded Libertem, the leader of the barbarians. This check, however, they had forgotten; and when invited, hastened to complete, in the last year of the fifth century, the most powerful coalition yet formed against the Roman Empire.

The following winter the Hunno-Slavo-Bulgarian host appeared on the left bank of the Danube. They chose this season for an irruption into Moesia, for the reason, says Jornandes, that 'the Danube was frozen over every year, and its waters, taking the hardness of stone, could give passage not only to infantry, but also to cavalry, and to great chariots drawn by three horses — in a word, to every species of convoy; so that in winter an invading army needed neither rafts nor boats.' Then also the Roman flotillas became useless, and the barbarians had only to avoid the fortified posts, in order to penetrate far into the country. The piercing cold, of which Ovid complained, almost paralyzed the legions accustomed to the soft winds and softer skies of Southern Europe, while it only stimulated to activity the children of the frigid North. Returning from these winter expeditions into Moesia, the barbarians, laden with booty, would recross the frozen Danube in their rolling chariots, or if the sun had dissolved the bridge of ice, upon leathern bottles, fastened to the tails of their horses.

The sudden appearance of the barbarians took the Romans by surprise. Aristus, the commandant of Illyria, could scarcely unite fifteen thousand men, but supposing that the tumultuous rabble would easily be put to rout, stationed his cohorts in front of the little river Zúrta, instead of ranging them upon the opposite side, where the deep current and precipitous banks would have served as an effectual bulwark. The hideous visages, the savage cries, and the novel modes of warfare practised by the barbarians terrified the Romans, and in attempting to escape, four thousand of the

legionaries perished in the Zurta and under the storm of poisoned arrows and the hoofs of the Hunno-Bulgarian squadrons. But the vanquished, instead of attributing their defeat to incapacity and the terror inspired by the barbarians, explained it as the effect of magical illusions cast upon them by the Bulgarian *chamans* and the paralysis produced by their mysterious charms. Laden with booty, the allied army withdrew to the Carpathians to prepare for another expedition. The successive invasions during the opening years of the sixth century, though not so disastrous to the Romans, were scarcely less advantageous to the barbarians. The civilized world, long accustomed to the terrors of Gothic and Hunnic warfare, shuddered at the mention of the unparalleled atrocities committed by the Slaves and Bulgarians. The former of these, enemies invisible but always present, crouched in stealthy ambuscade, and concealed even in the rivers, fell upon their enemies like consuming fire, when least expected; and where they appeared not a soul survived. Until they had learned from experience that the mother or child of a wealthy family, or the magistrate of a city, had a value in silver, they made no prisoners. Then, however, instead of slaying all, the survivors were led into a captivity more dreadful than death itself. Contemporary writers attribute to the Slaves the invention of flaying alive, that most dreadful of inflictions. The inhabitants of Moesia were terror-stricken at the sight of long lines of stakes garnished with the agonized bodies of victims left behind as living trophies, but whose skins were exhibited in triumph at barbaric revels. Such of the vanquished as could not be removed were crowded with bulls and horses into inclosures surrounded with straw, and the whole set on fire. This was the favorite amusement of the Slaves, who mingled their shouts of joy with the groans of dying men and women and the cries of beasts, maddened by the fiery torture.

Nothing could escape the light squadrons of the Bulgarians. Harvests were swept away as by clouds of locusts. Not a living thing survived that perfection of ruin which left not one stone upon another. The savage horsemen sought diversion in fastening their lassoes to the saddle-bows, and at full gallop dragging the entangled victims to atoms. Thus were laid waste the rich plains on the northern slope of the Balkans; and while wandering over this unfortunate land, the now peaceful descendants of this barbaric race have more than once mournfully pointed out to us 'the deserts of Bulgaria.'

But why, the reader will inquire, did not the Eastern empire rise to a man and forever expel these barbarians from her borders? Other thoughts then agitated the Romans of the Orient. To determine whether the human and divine natures were united in the person of our SAVIOUR, and their relative importance in the work of redemption, were questions which for more than half a century had occupied the subtle Greek mind, and shaken the Church to its very centre.

While the priests and the people were for the most part inclined



to the views of the Romish Church, the soldiers, with drawn swords, were made to chant a doxology in the style of the emperor. In the anarchy of doctrines and the tumult of passions that succeeded, military banners waved side by side with those of the Church, and the chants of litanies were mingled with the cries of combat. Civil war broke out, not first, however, along the Golden Horn, but beyond the Balkans, in the very province then scourged by the Huns and their ferocious allies. Vitelianus, an Illyrian general, raised the standard of Catholicism. The Roman garrisons deserted their posts along the Danube, and the zealous Moesians leaving their homes and families exposed to the barbarians, hastened to defend the faith in the city of the Constantines. From these circumstances we may understand why the bloody scenes along the Danube in the opening years of the sixth century attracted so little attention in the Roman world. It was necessary that the capital of the Eastern empire should itself be threatened by the barbaric foe.

One has to read Procopius in order to form an idea of the wealth and power and taste which a history of a thousand years had developed in the ancient colony of Byzantium. Within those ramparts, believed by the foolish Greeks to be impregnable, beat the heart of that great Roman empire which, beginning with a single city on the Tiber, overspread the greater part of the known world, to shrink again to the dimensions of a single city on the Bosphorus. There the empire of the Cæsars was to survive long centuries until the formation of new societies, prolonging antiquity down to the middle ages, and forming a grand connecting-link between the world of Rome and the world of the present. On that 'two-fold river and triple sea,' immortalized by classic story, dwelt a people inheriting the combined treasures of Grecian and Roman civilization, and delighting in public games, in glittering pageants and in statues of bronze and Parian marble. There the Orient and the Occident were brought together, and the stately grandeur of the north was softened by the gorgeous arabesques of the sunny south. Nature had exhausted her resources, History lavished her choicest associations, and Art piled up her chiseled wealth in the work of ennobling those enchanting spots—so enchanting that the Oriental poets sing of their renown in heaven as terrestrial abodes. In that grandiose Constantinople, reposing on her couch of seven hills and garlanded by daughter cities, on the terraces washed by lapsing waves, in groves of orange and jasmine, upon the heights of Asia and Europe, which, overlooking the sullen Euxine and 'the sapphire thread' of the Bosphorus, lay, with alternate homage, their shadows at each other's feet, were palaces and villas built of every kind of porphyry, marble, and granite, and ornamented with gold and cedar. As the temples of nearly all the old religions had been despoiled to aid in the construction of her churches, so the splendid religious systems of the ancients had contributed to the mysteries whose celebration inspired with awe the ambassadors of barbaric kings. The Immaculate Virgin had

usurped the place of the artful Venus, and the tablets once relating the labors and loves of the gods, were inscribed with the *Pater* and the *Credo*. The patrician, who, a Sejanus at home and a Verres in the provinces, had grown rich by extortion in some distant part of the empire, sought to live in eastern magnificence on the Bosphorus. The wealth of Constantinople had long excited the cupidity of the northern barbarians; and when the dwellers in these voluptuous retreats saw in their very midst squadrons of Huns and Bulgarians, they forgot for a time the quarrel concerning the two natures. Danger aroused them from their luxurious repose and religious turmoils, and led them to bestow a thought upon the unfortunate inhabitants of Moesia.

About the year 475, during the reign of Leo, three Illyrian mountaineers, clad in goat-skin mantles, came to the Imperial City to seek their fortunes. One of them, well favored in form and address, was enrolled in the Guards of the Palace, and made his way both by personal bravery and native tact. From the condition of a soldier he soon became Captain of the Guards. Upon the death of Anastasius in 518 from a stroke of lightning, the Chamberlain, wishing to incline the choice of the army to one of his favorites, sent the Captain of the Guards a large sum of money to distribute among the soldiers. But the recipient distributed the money on his own account and caused himself to be proclaimed emperor under the name of Justin. And frequent was the laugh at the trick played upon the great Eunuch by the crafty shepherd of the Hæmus.

Justin called to himself his sister, the wife of a peasant of Tauresium, and her son, whom he wished to educate as his own. They laid aside their goat-skin garments and assumed sonorous names. Even a genealogy was found for them in a branch of the noble family of Anicius long before implanted in Dardania. Bégénitza became Vigilantia, and the Emperor adopted Upranda under the name of Justinianus, a name destined to become immortal. Justin, scarcely able to write his own signature, provided the best masters for his nephew, who soon surprised them by his insatiable activity and the universality of his acquirements. Eloquence, poetry, theology, art — nothing was neglected. He became enamored of Theodora, who then astonished Constantinople both by her marvelous beauty and odious manner of life. The refusal of his uncle and the prohibition of the law, which rendered marriage with a prostitute or a comedian void, did not avail against the indomitable will of Justinian. And the people forgave this alliance from the tender love he always bore 'to the very respectable wife which God had given him,' and those great qualities of Theodora to which on one occasion her husband owed his throne and his life.

When Justinian became emperor in the year 527, at the age of forty-five, he began that immortal work of legislation which is still employed for the government of mankind. In the gorgeous palace of the Constantines he lived the life of an anchorite, rising at midnight to elaborate those laws and great designs with which his

fame is associated. The reports to the Senate were written by himself, and the Church still chants his hymns to music of his own composition. The rude Illyrian accent of the emperor, his ability, like Domitian, voluntarily to move his ears, the pleasure he took in occasionally attiring himself in barbarian costume, and the vulgar report that he neither ate nor slept, frequently gave rise to ridicule. But this energy and faculty of doubling the hours of his life enabled him, though late arrived at royalty, to accomplish more than many other sovereigns combined.

Not satisfied with having given a code to the empire of Augustus, Justinian determined to replace the statue of Julius Cæsar upon the Capitol; to repel the enemies of Rome wherever they had seated themselves upon her spoils. Carthage was wrested from the Vandals, and Rome from the Goths. Expeditions were meditated to Spain and to Gaul, to portions of the earth so distant that the prefect of the Prætorians declared in the imperial council, that a year would be required to send an order to the armies and obtain a response.

During the reign of Justin, the Bulgarians and their allies had not ventured across the Danube. After the coronation of Justinian they menaced Thrace, but withdrew, having been defeated by the Romans. In the year 538, while the armies of Justinian were engaged in Italy, the barbarians again ravaged Moesia. Thirty-two fortified posts in Illyria were reduced, Greece was over-run as far as the Gulf of Corinth, and even the coast of Asia Minor devastated by bands which crossed the Hellespont at Sestos and Abydos.

Then began that great system of defences by which the Romans of the Eastern empire thought to exclude the barbarians forever from their territory. Not only the defiles of the Hæmus, and the right bank of the Danube were fortified, but also several important points in Dacia, which had been abandoned more than two centuries. Cities rose from their ruins. Below the Iron Gate we visited the ancient Tower of Theodora, and at many points along the lower Danube traced the fortifications with which Justinian strengthened that natural barrier. To place a living bulwark between themselves and their enemies, the Romans induced the Lombards to leave Bohemia and settle on the right bank of the Danube.

In the old age of the Emperor his ungrateful subjects no longer thought of him as Justinian, the invincible, the sovereign who had made his country glorious, but as Upranda, the son of Istok and Béglénitza. In 537 and 538 an accumulation of calamities visited the Eastern empire, which led the superstitious to suppose that the destruction of the world was at hand. The plague, after having desolated the coasts of Asia and Greece, broke out in Constantinople with such violence that the dead lay unburied in the streets. A terrific earthquake, whose victims were numbered by thousands, ruined the wall of Anastasius, threw down the dome of St. Sophia, and it is said that marble columns were projected

into the air as if by the force of ballistas. War only was wanting to complete the measure of misfortunes, and it came with terrible violence until the year 680, when the Bulgarians took possession of the country they now inhabit, and united with the christianized Slaves already dwelling in that region, so far as to adopt their language and religion.

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MOON-LIGHT ON THE SARANAC LAKE.

THE moon is over the Eagle's Breast,\*  
 Like a burnished lamp of gold;  
 It brightens the Panther's\* soaring crest,  
 It touches the top of the high Hawk's Nest,\*  
 And over the lake, by the breezes pressed,  
 In a rippling path is rolled.

Sweet joy! it is a most lovely night!  
 Our boat has a quiet glide;  
 For the breezes have ceased their fanning flight  
 Where the island beetles in wooded night,  
 And darkens the deep from the pearly light  
 With the robe of its stately side.

What bliss we bear on this lonely lake!  
 Our bosoms are warm and true:  
 What reck we now for the cares that shake  
 The blossoms of hope, for the griefs that break  
 On the rocks of life: our songs we wake  
 Till echo awakens too.

Hurrah! the oars in the moon-light flash!  
 The lake is of silver made:  
 But in bubbles its bosom we merrily lash,  
 And away, away, o'er the splendor dash,  
 Till the lunge of our boat yields pebbly clash  
 Where our camp-fire lights the glade.

Hurrah! hurrah! launch loud the song!  
 We are rollicking, bold, and free!  
 Let the moon-light list as we roll it along,  
 And the gems of islands around that throng —  
 Louder, lads, louder, blithe and strong!  
 Till the night is aroused with glee.

See how the loon dives flashing down  
 Where the brilliance so richly plays:  
 The catamount cries from the mountain's crown,  
 But we turn the point where the forests frown  
 To the glade where the leaves are a golden brown,  
 In our camp-fire's dancing blaze.

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\* Mountains around the lake.

## JERKS: ANCIENT AND MODERN.

FROM the earliest periods of history and tradition, the rites of worship, especially among heathen nations, have been very generally attended by bodily contortion and spasmodic action. The idea seems to have taken fast hold of the worshippers, that the divine afflatus could only manifest itself by unusual nervous and muscular activity. This element of worship the mercurial Greek seems to have derived from the Oriental portion of his conglomerate mythology, rather than from that of the more staid and impassive Egyptian.

Thus, at the Oracle of Dodona, the earliest locality where the Indian mythology established itself, the answers at first transmitted through the whispering of the leaves of the ancient oak, or announced by the brazen clangor of the chain-smitten caldrons, were presently communicated by the lips of the priestesses, who, rushing from the temple with glaring eyes, dishevelled hair, and foaming lips, uttered in broken and incoherent sentences the words on which, at times, hung the fate of empires.

At Delphi, also, the priestesses on the accession of the prophetic fury, leaped from the tripod, and amid frantic cries, beating of their breasts, and terrific spasms, gave utterance to the messages of the gods.

The magicians, or magi, who for ages controlled the destinies of the Egyptian, Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, and Median kingdoms, uttered their prophecies, and performed their miracles only when in the state of ecstasy.

The evidences of this condition being deemed indispensable by the diviners, soothsayers, and priests of heathen nations, for successful prediction or malediction, are abundant in the Old Testament Scriptures. Thus, when Balak summoned Balaam to pronounce on the hosts of Israel the blighting, withering curse which should overwhelm them in utter ruin, Balaam required that the conditions most favorable for the induction of a trance should be observed; and his repeated prophecies give internal evidence, apart from his own assertion, that he was, while uttering them, in the ecstatic state.

Again, when Elijah had assembled the priests of Baal, almost a thousand in number, for the contest which should decide the question of supremacy between Baal and Jehovah, his mocking apostrophe, and their subsequent action, denote that the expected condition of ecstasy had not manifested itself.

Even among the Romans, whose fine physical development and unimagined temperament were less favorable to hysterical emotion than any of the other nations of antiquity, the augurs, diviners, and soothsayers, from the time of the priest-king Numa to the merging of the republic in the empire, seldom uttered their predictions with positiveness, except when under the influence of the 'divine afflatus.'

Christianity recognized no such adjuncts in its worship, and though occasionally the utterance in unknown tongues threatened the introduction of a false inspiration, and the admission of revelations not bearing the stamp of divine authenticity, yet these sources of error were soon detected, and driven from the Christian Church, finding not unfrequently, however, a resting-place among some of the sects of errorists, so numerous in the second, third, and fourth centuries. With some of these, the phenomena of the ecstatic condition, in all its intensity, formed no inconsiderable portion of their worship. Among the unenlightened nations of the earlier centuries of the Christian era, these manifestations still retained their ascendancy. In the Scandinavian tribes, the Scald, who combined the functions of priest, prophet, and bard, uttered his 'sagas' only in the trance state; and not unfrequently the Berserker, under the influence of this preternatural exaltation, rushed forth to deeds of wonderful prowess, or of fearful crime.

The Indian fakir, the howling and dancing dervishes of Egypt; the gree-gree man, and the obeah of the African tribes; the 'great medicine' of our North-American Indians, are all examples, which have come down to our own times, of the supposed necessity of this condition to the sacerdotal character.

But it was not solely among the priests that this violent and apparently involuntary spasmodic action occurred. It formed no inconsiderable feature of the early Greek festivals. Not to speak now of the original 'Bacchantic Fury,' which we deem of a somewhat different character, the Dionysia, or festivals in honor of Bacchus, the Saturnalia and Floralia, and above all, the festivals in honor of Cybele, were marked by the most violent and extraordinary displays of muscular and nervous action. The Corybantes, the Galli, and the Bacchantes, who were the special devotees of Cybele and Bacchus, danced, shouted, ran about with loud cries and howlings, beating on timbrels, clashing cymbals, sounding pipes, and cutting their flesh with knives.

Jamblicus, a Syrian, who died A.D. 333, a *protégé* of Julian the Apostate, and an earnest advocate of the Neo-Platonic theology, whose writings are rather valuable for the extracts from early writers they contain, than for any originality or profundity in his own speculations, has given us in his 'De Mysteriis' an account of a fountain at Colophon, near Ephesus, whose waters produced in those who drank, this ecstatic state. After giving an explanation of the causes of the inspiration thus induced, which is so full of the absurdities of the Neo-Platonic school as to be altogether unintelligible, he proceeds: 'According to these diversities, there are different signs, effects, and works of the inspired: thus, some will be moved in their whole bodies; others, in particular members; others, again, will be motionless. Also they will perform dances and chants — some well, some ill. The bodies, again, of some, will seem to dilate in height, others in compass; and others, again, will seem to walk in air.' \*

\* JAMBLICUS, De Myst. Ægypt. pp. 56, 57. Ed. Lugd. 1577.



Remarkable as these phenomena were, and doubtful as we may be of the particular cause which had induced them, there is room for belief that they were in many, perhaps in most cases, voluntary; that the persons affected could induce, control, or discontinue the spasmodic action at their will, if that will were vigorously exerted.

There is, however, another class of cases bearing considerable resemblance to these, where the will has less power, and the amount of hallucination is much greater. To the epidemic appearance of these, we have applied the homely but expressive Saxon word, *Jerks*, as expressing more fully and thoroughly than any other, and with less hinting at causes, the characteristics of these manifestations.

The first jerking epidemic of which we have any account, occurred so far in the remote past that we cannot give its precise date. The traditions of it are interwoven with the Greek and Indian mythology, and it is a matter of no little difficulty to separate fact from fiction in the narrative.

When the Bacchus of the Greek mythology (the Siva of the Hindoo) made his riotous journey westward, there followed in his train a mighty host, mostly women, dancing, shouting, bearing aloft the thyrsus, often whirling rapidly for hours, and only ceasing these frenzied motions from sheer exhaustion, when they sank down on the spot where they were, in a profound slumber, to awake and renew their frantic dance on the following day. Every city and town added to the number, and the contagion spread so rapidly, that, in many places, the female population was seriously diminished. No opposition availed to stay the course of the epidemic: whoever attempted it, was torn to pieces by the women, under the influence of the hallucination that they were destroying wild beasts. Mothers slew their sons, sisters their brothers, and fathers their children.

Though represented as occurring under the leadership of the God of Wine, this epidemic had few or none of the features of intoxication; and the ancient historians have named it 'the Bacchantic fury.'

In the ages that followed, the Corybantic dances, which, as we have already noticed, as well as those of the Telchini, the Curetes, and the Dactyli, partook somewhat of the same character, occasionally assumed, over a limited region of country, the epidemic form, and were attended with similar hallucinations; but for several centuries, there was no repetition of this wide-spread and terrible disorder.

The prevalence of what the Jews regarded as demoniac possession, about the period of our SAVIOUR'S advent, is by many writers considered as an example of this peculiar frenzy. That in many particulars, it bore a striking resemblance to the preceding and succeeding epidemics, must be admitted; but there were also important points of difference, and we are not willing, therefore, to disturb the faith of those who see in it an exemplification of special Satanic malignity.

The advent of Christianity, though in itself furnishing no encouragement or countenance to such extravagances, was yet, in some instances, made the cloak for fanatical excitements, that rivalled the Corybantic dances in violence and in the character of their hallucinations. In the second century, the *Montanists* had drawn all eyes to Phrygia by their fierce fanaticism and apparent insensibility to the most cruel tortures; in the fourth century, the *Circumcellimes*, by their violence and fury, almost made mankind believe the Bacchantic era had returned; and the Flagellants, commencing in the same century their self-inflicted stripes, waxed bolder and bolder, till, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, under Rainer's leadership, they traversed the streets of the continental cities *in puris naturabilis*, inflicting at every step blows upon their own shoulders, so severe as to lacerate the flesh. These excesses and improprieties finally led to the prohibition of their public exercises, by the Papal authority. In their case there was, according to their own statements, an entire insensibility to pain, and an evident cheromania, or mental exaltation, which partook of the character of insanity.

But perhaps the most strongly-marked epidemics of this affection that occurred during the middle ages, were the *Tarantismus* of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and the *Dance of St. John* or *St. Vitus*, in the fourteenth and fifteenth. The *Tarantismus* was long attributed to the bite of a spider—the *Aranea Tarantula* of the naturalists. It is now, however, conceded that this had nothing to do with the phenomena, which was really a species of insanity. Its symptoms are thus described by Baglier: 'Those who are affected with Tarantismus are prone to seek out solitary places, grave-yards and the like, and there stretch themselves upon the graves as if they were dead. Sometimes they howl like dogs, groan, sigh, leap and run wildly about, strip themselves entirely, express strong liking or dislike for certain colors, and take great delight in being soundly beaten, pleading for stronger and sturdier blows.' Other writers state, that they would ask to have the blows inflicted with iron bars, and that they would sustain, and apparently be relieved by, pressure with weights, which would have crushed them under ordinary circumstances. The cure for this singular affection was music, under the influence of which they danced for many hours together for four or six days, and after violent perspiration recovered.

The *Dance of St. John* was almost a counterpart of the 'Bacchantic fury,' and was probably induced by similar causes. The terrible pestilence, known in history as the Black Death, had ravaged most of the countries of Europe in 1372 and 1373, and been followed by famine, terror, and great nervous excitement. On Midsummer's Day, A.D. 1374, a large body of men and women, from various parts of Germany, appeared at Aachen, (Aix-la-Chapelle,) in the market-place, and joining hands, danced for many hours, paying no attention to those around them, till finally they fell to the ground in a state of trance. Their abdomens were

greatly tumefied, and upon the application of powerful pressure by lacing, bandaging, or other means, they appeared to be greatly relieved, and some came out of the trance state. On the next day, however, they again commenced dancing, and exhibited similar symptoms. During this trance condition, they professed to receive communications from Heaven, and presently added prophesying to their dancing. The contagion spread by sympathy, and soon almost every city in Germany and the Netherlands had its corps of Corybantic dancers. Medicine seemed powerless in treating a disease so novel; and the baffled physicians turned their patients over to the priests, who tried in vain their most potent formulæ of exorcism upon them: the demon would not come out, and priestly authority seemed sadly waning, when the secular authorities, disgusted with the gross licentiousness which had followed in the train of the epidemic, took the matter in hand, and banished, without pity or exception, every one who was attacked with the disease. This prompt treatment, aided, no doubt, by the reaction which followed the intense excitement, was effectual in subduing it for a time; but a few years later, it again appeared at Strasburg, and for more than two hundred years, its occasional out-bursts caused no little anxiety among the authorities of the cities of Europe.

In its subsequent appearances, the priests returned to the attack, and having experienced the inefficiency of exorcisms, they improvised a saint, Veit or Vitus, who, though he had died a thousand years before, and had had no connection with dancing manias, unless, perchance, he were a Circumcellimist, which they would hardly have pretended, yet possessed, so said the legend, the power of curing all those who, by liberal donations to the priests, secured their intercession with him. The prayers were to be accompanied with a prescribed formula of food, and procession around his shrine. This, or the effect on the imagination, restored some to health, and St. Vitus grew so greatly in reputation, that, to this day, his name is connected with a spasmodic affection bearing some resemblance to the original dance of St. John, but without its hallucination.

The north of Scotland, the Hebrides, and the Orkneys have, from the earliest times, been famous for these mantic convulsions, as the German writers term them. Not to speak of the *Sagheirm*, or torture and sacrifice of black cats, with its fearful accompaniments, and the power of prophecy and second sight supposed to be thus attained, under the terrible influence of which the sacrificer often experienced the most violent convulsions, there has been for ages a convulsive affection, endemic in that region, often accompanied by hallucination, known as the *leaping ague*, under the influence of which, those affected would leap in the air, seize upon the rafters of the building, and pass from one to another with the agility of a monkey; at other times, they would whirl on one foot with the most inconceivable velocity for a long time, often barking, howling, or uttering other animal sounds.

On the Continent, the last appearance of the Dance of St. John was among the pupils of the orphan-schools of Amsterdam, in 1566, and of Hun in 1670. The symptoms exhibited by these children seem to have indicated the prevalent ideas of a new phase of the disorder, namely, witchcraft. They were cast violently upon the floor or ground; they stamped with their feet, struck their arms and heads on the earth, gnashed their teeth, howled and yelled like dogs. Occasionally they fell into a cataleptic state, and remained thus for hours. These paroxysms occurred most commonly during the hours of worship, or the appointed seasons of prayer. Other children on seeing their convulsions, or listening to their howlings, were affected in a similar way. On being removed from the school, and placed in the families of citizens of the better class, these convulsions gradually disappeared, and the children recovered their health. The spasmodic influence now seemed for a time to be confined to nunneries; and the most abstemious and apparently devout of the sisters declared themselves, or were pronounced by others, under diabolic influence, and under this hallucination often performed the most extraordinary and surprising feats. Sorely were the good fathers troubled at this sudden irruption of the devil into their holiest places. Every form of exorcism which their imaginations could dictate was tried, but in vain. Occasionally a poor nun was burned; but thereat the devil grew more audacious; and for every victim sacrificed at the stake, there were at least ten new cases of possession. The monks had no peace: when with droning, sing-song tone they attempted to say their masses, their arch-enemy instigated some fair nun to raise such a clatter, that their voices could not be heard; and the more solemn the duty they were to perform, the more obstreperous were his manifestations. Holy water was of no avail: fifteen centuries of practice had enabled him to get over his dislike for that. In vain were the nuns commanded to say the Lord's Prayer, or the Ten Commandments: they apparently complied, but in an indistinct voice; and when the fathers listened attentively, they found to their horror that they were saying them backward. In their dire despair, they at last applied to the Pope, Innocent VIII., who in 1484 issued his sorcery bull, in which he appoints three inquisitors, to define witchcraft, and lay down rules for its recognition and punishment; and also, by themselves, or their deputies, to decide upon cases of supposed witchcraft. By this bull, the jurisdiction over witchcraft was taken from the secular, and given to the ecclesiastical power — a change which cost thousands of lives.

The appointed inquisitors devoted themselves to their work, and in 1489 brought out the famous *Malleus Maleficarum*, or *Witch-hammer*, a work which was long the text-book and authority of the Catholic Church on the subject of witchcraft. The publication of this work was the signal for the commencement of a season of infatuation, which lasted for two centuries. There had previously been not a few executions for witchcraft; but while the matter was in the hands of the secular power, there were many eminent jurists who would not condemn a person to death on this charge.

But when the trials were transferred to the ecclesiastical courts, the clergy, already excited by the prevalence of what they regarded as heresy, and firmly believing in the active and malignant participation of Satan in human affairs, were ready to credit any testimony, however absurd, which indicated Satanic agency. The victims of this fearful delusion were sacrificed by thousands; and such is the perverse passion of human nature for notoriety, that for every victim who perished, there were scores of others who, under the influence of insanity or terror, confessed themselves witches, or being accused by others, acknowledged it, and on the rack, or from fear of it, gave most horrible details of witch-journeys, witch-feasts, witch-Sabbaths, and witch-sacraments, whose only existence was in their own distempered imaginations.

No person, however pure his life, however great his wealth, however exalted his station, was safe; at some moment when he might fancy himself most secure, a child, a half-crazed woman, a malicious imbecile even, might mention his name as guilty of this terrible crime, and anon, without counsel, with no opportunity of confronting his accusers, he was imprisoned, subjected to torture, promised pardon if he confessed; and if deluded by this false hope, he acknowledged deeds physically and morally impossible, he was burned, in order to save his soul from perdition. If, on the other hand, he maintained, even under the terrors of the rack, his innocence, and with heroic spirit refused to perjure his soul, then was he condemned as a hardened and incorrigible offender, his body consigned to the flames, and his soul to the devil, who, it was alleged, had long been his partner in crime. The odium of these persecutions for witchcraft, was not, however confined to the Romish Church. Protestantism had its full share of it. Even Luther, with his vigorous intellect, was a firm believer in witchcraft. He himself states that he recommended to the authorities of Wittenberg (we quote from memory) the drowning of an idiot boy, whom he regarded as possessed with a devil, and was quite inclined to resent their refusing to comply with his suggestion. In Sweden, in Great Britain, and in New-England the belief in witchcraft led to the most painful scenes of bloodshed. It gives us a sad picture of human fallibility, when we see such men as Sir Matthew Hale, one of the great lights of English jurisprudence, the devout and learned Increase Mather, and his not less accomplished son, Cotton Mather, laying aside all the humanity of their nature, and urging the judicial murder of persons of the most blameless lives, on the accusation of mere children, whose bewitchment would have yielded to a wholesome administration of the rod, to gentle medication, or at the most to the soothing influence of music.

The vigorous intellects, the strong common-sense, and the unflinching courage of the men who, in the midst of this delusion, at the peril of their own lives, denounced the madness of judges and clergy, entitle them to our respect and admiration. Wier, De Rio, Becker, and Thomasius, the most prominent of them, are



names which will be long remembered as those of friends of humanity.

Running parallel with the witchcraft excitement, and partaking of many of its characteristics, there were other delusions, which though sometimes falling under the ban of a Pope, inquisitor, or Protestant bishop, yet were not visited with the same tragic and cruel punishment which was allotted to the supposed witch. Some of these were the legitimate out-growths of the old Scandinavian and Greek mythologies, which had burrowed in the minds of the masses for ages, and now in the general agitation of society, came to the surface. Such was *vampirism*, the belief in which was so general in the eastern countries of Europe, which attributed to many of the dead the power of coming from their graves at night, and restoring their own bodies to vigor and vitality, by sucking the blood of the young. This horrible belief pervaded the greater part of Austria, Moldavia, Wallachia, and Venice; and many a grave was desecrated, and many a stiffened corpse had a stake driven through its heart, under the influence of the delusion.

Another class of these delusions was the result of religious excitement, at a period when the human intellect was waking from the slumber of ages. Such was the origin of the *Convulsionnaires*, who in the sixteenth century spread from the slopes of the Cevennes all over France and Germany; and by their leaping, crowing, shouting, barking, rolling on the earth, and sustaining a pressure which would have crushed them under ordinary circumstances, attracted much attention throughout Central Europe.

In a curious tract by Dr. Hughson, LL.D., published in 1814, we find an extended account of a convulsionary epidemic, quite local in its character, which raged in London in 1707, and the following year, the leaders of which are said to have been Frenchmen. It was characterized by dancing, howling, prophesying, etc. The Great Awakening, as it has justly been called, which followed the labors of Whitefield, the Wesleys, the Tennents, and other Reformers, about the middle of the last century, producing as it did intense excitement, and a marked change from the formality prevalent at its inception, was, in some of the newer settlements in this country, and even in some of the rural villages of New-England, accompanied by convulsive movements and hallucination. In some places, the number of these Jumpers and Springers, as they were called, was very considerable, and their movements strongly resembled those of the *Convulsionnaires* of Paris, and the Dancers of Aix-la-Chapelle.

A still more marked epidemic of this description, was that which occurred in Kentucky and Tennessee, about the commencement of the present century. This, like the preceding, originated in a religious revival, though promoted unquestionably by previous privation and intense excitement. We give a brief description of it, from the pen of an eye-witness: 'It commenced with a powerful religious revival, during which meetings were held for a long time in the open air; and the frontier population, whom constant exposure to Indian forays, and the hardships of pioneer life had rendered pe-



cularly susceptible to excitement, had, by the most thrilling appeals to their imaginations, been lashed to frenzy. With each day, the excitement reached a higher pitch of intensity. At last, they began to bark like dogs and howl like wolves, and neither their own wills nor the efforts of others could restrain this extraordinary action. The scene was often terrific yet painful. In a single room, I have seen some dancing, others whirling with the utmost velocity, some barking, howling, mewling, or roaring, others declaiming at the top of their voices, proclaiming themselves inspired, or denouncing the terrible judgments of God on all who did not believe these wonderful scenes to be direct displays of His power; and ever and anon, one or another of those who had been sitting quietly, smitten with the contagion, rising and joining in the uproar; while the poor ministers stood aghast at the fearful whirlwind of passion and insanity, which was apparently the result of their labors, but which their skill was insufficient to allay. The duration of this epidemic was much shorter than that of most of those in Europe. In a little more than a twelve-month, it had almost entirely disappeared, and it seems never to have degenerated into those licentious and disgraceful practices which had marked previous epidemics. Indeed, in many instances, this very frenzy was, with the rough pioneer, the beginning of a better life. It was to the scenes enacted at this time, we believe, that the epithet '*Jerks*' was first applied.

Some sixteen years since, an epidemic somewhat similar to this, made its appearance in Sweden and Lapland. The provinces of Kalmar, Wexio, and Jön Koppin, in Southern Sweden, comprise some of the poorest land in the kingdom, and requires even in the most favorable season, severe toil, to yield to the poverty-stricken inhabitants the necessaries of life. Yet they are apparently contented, and in intelligence and deep religious feeling, surpass most of the other inhabitants of the kingdom. It was here that the convulsive affection popularly known as the Preaching Epidemic commenced. Its first symptoms were heaviness in the head, heat at the pit of the stomach, pricking sensation in the extremities, convulsions and quakings, and then followed in many, though not in all cases, a condition of trance, in which the body was insensible to outward impressions, the loudest noise not disturbing them, and needles and pins producing no sensation when thrust into the body. In this trance condition, the mind seemed unusually active; many of those affected, would preach with great power and eloquence, using language such as they could not command in their ordinary conditions; others would converse with great clearness and force, and some, it is said, would speak in languages of which they had no knowledge in the normal state. The preaching, though occasionally incoherent, was generally correct in doctrinal sentiment; and when hortatory, was addressed to the reformation of the lives of the hearers, abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks, showy and costly clothing, and the necessity of purity of life, and preparation for the future world.

According to Dr. Souden, it originated with a girl of sixteen

who had for some time manifested the symptoms of chorea, which finally developed itself as a religious mania, and was propagated by the contagion of sympathy to other girls at first, subsequently to older women, and finally to men of nervous temperament. It eventually reached the Lapps, and among that singular people, in whom the nervous element has always predominated, and who are deeply tinged with the old Scandinavian superstitions, it spread like fire on the prairies. The scenes of the American epidemic were reenacted, and the wildest rant, and the most incoherent expressions, were received as direct revelations from God. Clergymen and physicians who attempted to check the extravagance of these demonstrations, were often treated with great severity and violence. It is creditable to the Lapps and Swedes, that amid all this excitement, no serious error or immoral doctrine found a footing, and that after the subsidence of the epidemic, the lives and characters of those affected by it, were rather benefited than injured.

In 1822, a young Scotch minister, named Edward Irving, came to London, and was chosen minister of the Caledonian Chapel in that city. He brought with him a high reputation for eloquence, quaintness, and eccentricity, which his sermons and publications soon increased. For some years, his chapel was greatly thronged by men of all ranks. The ardor of his imagination, and the naturally eccentric turn of his mind, led him to imbibe readily the mysticism of Coleridge, and eventually to plunge into the wildest absurdities. He publicly announced his belief in spiritual utterances, and the power of speaking with tongues, and speedily a jargon worse than that of Babel was heard at his services. These spiritual utterances were accompanied by convulsions, trance, contortions of feature, and other evidences, as he alleged, of the 'power' of God. Worn out with the fearful excitement which ensued, and his sensitive temperament goaded by the obloquy which his course had aroused, Mr. Irving's fine constitution gave way, and he died in 1833, at the early age of forty-one. Since his death, his followers have avoided any public manifestation of the 'utterances,' though it is alleged that they still hold to the doctrine.

The early exercises of the Mormons and of the Millerites were characterized to some extent by similar excitements. In the case of the former, they have degenerated into a system which palliates or justifies every crime by a professed revelation from God: in the latter, they have long since ceased; and the 'Advent congregations,' as they are called, are inferior to no others in propriety or decorum.

The so-called spiritual excitement has developed many of the same symptoms within a few years past, and though in most cases it was the tables rather than the people which danced and whirled, yet there have also been instances where the 'spirits' have caused the mediums to play most fantastic tricks.

Should any ask, What is the power which has, for three thousand years, thus singularly influenced human action, we must frankly

confess our ignorance. We shall make no attempt to conceal it, by talking learnedly of mesmerism, animal-magnetism, the odyllic force, or the visitation of the souls of the departed. It is the office of the observer to collate and carefully arrange facts; the theorist must make such use of them as he pleases.

If, however, our readers have carefully followed our narrative, they will find, we think, the following facts established: The 'Jerks' have always supervened upon seasons of great excitement, and most frequently upon famine, pestilence, or severe bodily privation: thus, the Bacchantic fury was said to have followed a famine; the Dance of St. John, the Black Death; witchcraft in Europe, the misery and ruin of the Crusades, and the war, famine, and pestilence that followed in their train; in America, the privations and hardships of King Philip's war; the Jerks of 1802, the excitement of long and deadly Indian warfare, and the miseries of pioneer life; the Preaching Epidemic of Sweden, the famine resulting from an insufficient crop, when a full one hardly supplied the households of the peasants with the coarse black-bread of the country.

These epidemics have subsided most quickly when let alone, and neither encouraged or opposed. Violent opposition and persecution have uniformly increased the severity of the symptoms, and the number of the sufferers.

The constancy of these features in the various convulsive epidemics of so many centuries, betokens a common origin for them all; and they may serve as data, from which he who shall hereafter be gifted to penetrate the adyta of that temple may draw some conclusions concerning the powers of the wondrous spirit that inhabits it; and thus lift the mysterious veil, which, like that of Isis, no man has hitherto raised.

Meantime, the meagreness of our knowledge of our immortal nature, should humble us. We know, indeed, that in its lofty aspirations, the universe of God is its only limit in space, and that vast eternity, which comprises alike the past, the present, and the future, its only bound in duration; but of its works and ways, its sympathies and antipathies, the speed of its communications with kindred spirits — compared with which, the electric current is motionless, and the swift flash of light but the movement of a snail; of the lofty, soul-inspiring, God-like eloquence which sometimes startles us, when and where it was least expected; of all the emotions of that spirit, indeed, under the excitement of insanity; the maddening temptation to crime, or the benumbing apathy of despair; how little do we yet know! Yet, if not in our time shall come the prophet and seer, whose clearer vision shall reveal to us much of the unknown, we may rest content in this: that when undressed from our robes of flesh, amid the light and glory of the heavenly world, with every sense quickened, expanded, and glorified, the mysterious shall become the revealed, the now unknown shall become patent to our vision, and every nerve shall thrill with that rapture which only beatified intelligences could sustain and enjoy. Then, indeed, shall we 'see as we are seen, and know as we are known.'

## A S O N G O F T H E W O O D S .

HARK to the huntsman's horn,  
And hark to the baying hound!  
For the noble stag is up in haste,  
And the woods with the noise resound.

Here on the cold, clear lake,  
In our airy bark canoe,  
Where the boughs of the island over us sway,  
We watch where the bugle blew.

The lake shines clear and cold,  
And clear and cold is the sky;  
And the dreary pines on the mountain shake  
With a light wind passing by.

Soft are the morning clouds,  
And bathed in the sunny flood,  
Soft are the echoes from the vale,  
And faint the horn in the wood.

Far on the distant lake,  
Wails the deserted loon,  
Far through the hollows of the hills,  
We catch the bugle's tune.

The music of the pack  
Grows mellow on the ear,  
Till borne away on a western wind,  
The cry no more we hear.

Still is the sparkling lake,  
Still is the forest green,  
'T is as lovely a morn with its spotless sky  
As huntsman ever has seen.

Is that the sound of the horn,  
Or is it the cry of the loon,  
Or is it the wail of the distant dogs,  
Who have lost the shot so soon?

I fear me the chase is up;  
For all is as still as before,  
Save the call of yonder gabbling ducks  
Which are making for the shore.

Yet hark! I hear the cry  
Of the pack, as it sinks and swells:  
In vale, up mount, along the glen,  
And now on the ear it dwells!

Ay, hark once more to the hounds,  
To their glad tumultuous din;  
They are hard upon the heels of the stag:  
Hurrah! the stag leaps in!

Now, merry men, ply your oars !  
 Now, huntsman, wind your horn !  
 We'll paddle our way in our light canoe  
 Toward where the chase is borne.

Merrily sounds the horn,  
 And the dogs come crowding in ;  
 And the shout of the huntsman wakes the woods  
 Where the gallant stag has been.

Into the boat with the stag !  
 And in with the clamorous hounds !  
 Cheerily wind the bugle horn,  
 For the stag no longer bounds !

#### O U T O F H I S H E A D .

THE following very curious manuscript was found in the room of a late inmate of the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum. As this paper, with several others which he left behind him, cannot be forwarded to the unfortunate gentleman, (he having left 'this bank and shoal of Time,') we avail ourselves of the privilege which Mr. — gave us, when he placed the mss. at our disposal. In printing this most extraordinary piece of auto-biography, we have deemed it advisable — in justice to the living and the dead — to substitute fictitious names for those used by the author.

##### I.

THE thought that I shall be insane some day ; that I shall be taken from the restless world outside, to some quiet inner retreat where I can complete my Moon-Apparatus, and die, with folded hands, like a man who has fulfilled his mission ; the thought of this, my probable destiny, is rather pleasant to me than otherwise. I say probable destiny, because insanity has been handed down in our family from generation to generation, with the old silver bowl in which Miles Standish brewed many a punch in the olden time. I think this punch somehow got into the heads of our family, and put us out. At all events, *I* am to be insane. I have made up my mind to that.

But not yet.

The vague disease has not eaten into my brain : I am reasonable and common-place. This house, in which I pass my time, is not a place for idiots ; this window is substantially barred, I admit ; but that is to keep mad people out, and sane creatures in. What lunatics I see from this same window ! — princes, and beggars, and pretty queans going up and down the street — but mad, all ! Am I to become mellow in the head, like them !

Ay : but not yet.

The man who brings me food three times a day is not my keeper. The gentle, cheerful gentlemen with whom I talk in our high-walled garden, are not monomaniacs: they are glorious poets and philosophers, who dream with me

‘Or what the world shall be  
When the years have died away.’

But the time will come when I shall sicken in the mind, and dwell with the shadows of men who might have shot theories at the moon, or written epics with as many lives as a cat. I shall be a shape of air — a five feet and seven inches of darkness! And who will miss me out of this great world of creeping things? Not a soul!

Did I say that?

Ah! but will not the white Lily in New-England remember me? Will not a pang of sorrow shoot through her scented heart: will not all the delicate fibres and veins quiver with agony when they tell her this?

Rain, and Dew, and Sunshine, kiss the white Lily for me, the whole summer long!

Who is this strange Lily, that shall think of Paul King when all the world forgets him? I cannot quite guess. She is a mystery even to me. First, she was a girl with large melancholy eyes, and a sensitive mouth that seemed to say sweet things when she was silent. I have seen a Madonna somewhere that resembled her, only the picture had not half her holiness. How the change took place, I cannot tell; but I remember that she grew white, all white, from the dainty bend of her feet to the superb blackness of her hair. She became less woman than Lily. She *was* a lily — tremulous, translucent, floating here and there on the cool pond, moored by the gold-fish with a slender emerald cord. I am perplexed. My thoughts get tangled when I attempt to understand the metempsychosis.

Somewhere in New-England — but just where, I cannot well make out — I first met Jean Royston. I had hired a cottage in a green leafy spot, to pass the August in — a picturesque place for a mid-summer’s dream. From the porch I could see the beach, a mile off, stretching along the coast like a huge white-spotted serpent: at the back of the house were a hundred acres of woodland, moistened and perfumed here and there by transparent ponds filled with marvellous white lilies. On the right, a ruined fort — one of those grassy relics of the Revolution — looked toward the sea; and on the left, the embrowned roofs and red chimneys of the town peeped quaintly through the interlaced branches of oaks and chestnut-trees. The landscape was a strange blending of the real and the vague: the old desolate fort, staring with a stunned look through rain and sun-shine, the solemn forest, the noisy, busy town, the doubtful shapes of heaven and sea!

With a book or a fishing-rod, I passed my days in the quiet woods; but at night I would wander along the beach, watching the mysterious bits of light which bobbed up and down in the



distance, and the little ghost-like sails that glimmered for a second, and disappeared; but more than all, I watched the broken image of the moon on the waters: that delighted me like a Claude Lorraine. It filled me with dreams; it led me into a region of new thought; and here I first conceived the project of my Moon-Apparatus, which, when completed, will annex another world to Art, and dissolve the musty theories with which science has deluded man for the past five thousand years. But of this hereafter.

I haunted the beach, until even the shy sea-gulls ceased to care for my presence. They would dart fearlessly around my head, while I lay on the rocks, from twilight to sun-rise, shaping the vast thought which had grown up within me.

One evening while thus occupied, I was roused from my meditations by a quick cry of vexation. I was lying in the bottom of a stranded wherry which lay rotting, half-way up the beach: by raising myself on one elbow, I brought my eyes on a level with the gunwale of the boat. And this is what I saw:

An angel, or a beautiful girl, which is much the same thing, stood on the beach some sixty feet from me, pouting most deliciously at a little gipsy hat which the impudent wind had stolen from the black folds of her hair, and gently dropped into the water just out of her fairyship's reach. What will she do? thought I; and I watched her. Glancing hastily up and down the beach, she stooped down and unfastened her bronze gaiters, and, lifting her white drapery, unhesitatingly waded out to the 'flat.' She had scarcely regained the shore, when a voice from the road back of the beach, called out: 'Jean! Jean!'

'Coming!' cried the girl with a rich merry voice.

She looked up, and our eyes met. A delicate tinge of sea-shell pink overspread her neck and face.

'I was coming to your assistance,' I said, touching my panama, and growing very red and awkward under her large brown eyes; 'but your own skill rendered mine unnecessary.'

'You saw me, then?'

'Yes: I was sitting in the boat.'

'Indeed!'

And with just the slightest curl of her lip — ah! what a scornful little mouth it was, to be sure! — she looked me full in the face.

'You were not gallant, Sir, to let me wet my feet.'

'I acknowledge it; but I could give an excuse.'

She bit her lips; for she knew I was thinking of her faultless white feet.

'There's not a fisher-boy on the coast but would drown himself with shame, if he had seen me, and not helped me in such a predicament.'

'Shall I drown myself?'

'Oh! if you please.'

'And you would n't care?'

'No: only it's been raining, and you would get very wet!'

‘People usually do, when they drown!’ said I.

And in the midst of our laugh at this absurdity, the voice which did not seem to have any body attached to it, again called: ‘Jean! Jean!’

And Jean drew the straw flat over her enchanting eyes, and swept by me like a queen, and

‘When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.’

## II.

I WATCHED her agile, fairy-like form, till it was lost among the leaves. I had known her five minutes, and I sighed!

Would she come again? Would she give me her eyes to look upon, and her lips — not to touch — but to listen to?

And then the moon grew out of a murky cloud, just as a flower breaks through the rich earth, and a million little blossoms trembled in the heavens. The landscape seemed carved out of marble, it was so white, and quiet, and grand, under the moon! And I took this sudden fall of light for a good omen. I went home with joy in my heart, as if I had found a great nugget of gold, shaped centuries ago, for me.

Would she come? Many a night I strolled by the sea-side, or sat on the old boat, waiting for her. But she did not come. Was she a sea-lady or a wood-nymph? Then I went whole days in the woods, searching for her. I began to think that that happy night was a dream — that the hair, and eyes, and the coy white feet were only so many tricks of sick fancy.

But at last — all sweet things happen at last — she came: not alone, as I could have wished, but, like ‘fair Inez,’ with a

—— ‘GALLANT cavalier,  
Who rode so gayly by her side,  
And whispered her so near.’

‘It was not a dream, then,’ I said. ‘What matters it, if she does canter by my cottage so gayly, looking neither to the right nor to the left? — ah! but she does, though! she fixes those dangerous brown eyes on me. I can but touch my hat.’

So Jean rode by; and what could I do that night but dream of her?

‘As she fled fast through sun and shade,  
The happy winds upon her played,  
Blowing the ringlet from the braid:  
She looked so lovely, as she swayed  
The rein with dainty finger-tips,  
A man had given all other bliss,  
And all his worldly wealth for this,  
To waste his whole heart in one kiss  
Upon her perfect lips.’

I can shut my eyes, and see her dashing around Willow Curve on the little black mare. A picture, I take it, for memory to press in her thumb and dog-eared volume. I dream of her thus — riding away from me! But something too much of this.

Here commences the mystery of my life. I know not how it was, but we met again — not once, but a hundred times. My recollection of that third meeting is so misty and vague, that I can only say, we met. It was by that old boat, in the moon-light, (how I mix up the moon with every thing!) that heaven first dawned upon me. Day after day, and often in the fine August evenings, Jean stole from the neighboring town to sit with me.

How the days went by! It was October. I had told my love to her, and we were lovers. Was there ever such a pair! Of Jean Royston I knew nothing, save that her mother was dead, and that her father, a retired sea-captain, lived in a modest cottage on the outskirts of the town — Jean and an antiquated maid-servant forming his entire household. There was a brother, indeed, but he was at college. Jean's knowledge of my personal history was equally limited, and hardly as satisfactory. Whether I ever was born or not, has long been a vexed question with myself; and finding that she was not curious on the subject, I never attempted to solve the problem. I have no remembrance of childhood, or early manhood, or, in fact, of any thing that has not happened within two years. I only know that I have an allowance of eight or nine hundred a year, which I draw with commendable punctuality from Messrs. Patroclus and Company, bankers; and that's all about it. It was very kind of some body to leave me the money. I will do the good thing for some body else, when I die — may I live a hundred years, though!

Heaven fashions superb nights in October, at least in New-England. And on the superbest night ever made of fire and ebony, I sat on the rocks, with my head in Jean's lap. A change had come over Jean during the past few weeks. She asked me such curious questions, and acted so strangely, that I began to fear for her reason. Her laugh turned into a smile; she became thoughtful and melancholy. Sometimes when I chanced to be speaking rapidly she would take my face gently between her hands and, looking earnestly into my eyes, say: 'Poor Paul!' Now I did not understand this at all. Twice that night on the rocks she had so interrupted me.

'Jean,' I said, taking her hands, 'you are concealing something from me that troubles you. What is it?'

For a moment she seemed to be framing an answer, and then she asked me if I remembered the gentleman with whom she rode by my cottage, months before? Did I remember him! Did not that same cavalier make me as jealous as Othello! Did he not kill my sleep for a week! I rather think I did remember him!

'Well,' said Jean slowly, 'he is an old friend of our family, especially of my father, who has long wished that — that ——'

'That what, Jean?'

'That I should marry him. Even in my school-girl days this marriage was spoken of as an assured affair. I grew to look upon it as part of my fate. I could never have thought of it seriously, or I should have protested years and years ago. If I had never

seen you, Paul, it might have been. But now! Paul,' and her fingers sunk into my arm, 'they have set the day for this hateful wedding!'

'But it cannot, it shall not be! Do you not love me, Jean?'

She only bent down and put her arms about me. That was answer enough. Sometimes an answer is too full of meaning for words. Did she love me?

'You shall be my wife, Jean — to-morrow!'

'No, no, no!' said Jean in a breath. And I felt that she shrunk from me.

'No, no, no?' I repeated to myself. 'How strange!' Then the three quick negatives flew out of my mind, and, oddly enough, I commenced a mental construction of my Moon-Apparatus, forgetful of Jean and our narrow world of sorrows. 'The powerful lenses,' said I aloud, 'shall draw the rays of the moon in the iron cylinder: the action of the chemicals shall congeal these minute particles of light — they will become clay, then adamant! And this lapideous substance — more precious than diamonds — I shall sell to skilful workers in jewels who will cut it into finger-rings, and popes' heads, and fantastic charms! And I alone shall possess the wonderful secret! I, of all the world!'

'O God!' I heard Jean cry, 'is it so! is it so! I have waited, and hoped, and suffered. Paul, Paul, look at me, love, take me in your arms, and kiss me! Poor, poor Paul! Look at me long. Never any more! O God! that I should love a ——'

And Jean tore herself from my arms, and, despite my cries, fled from me.

I closed my eyes and saw her, as I have seen her a thousand times since, riding madly away on the little coal-black mare!

### III.

STUNNED and amazed by Jean's sudden passion, lost in wonder at her tears and the mental suffering under which she evidently labored, I walked slowly home, but not to sleep and dream quiet dreams, as had been my wont. If I had known that I should never fold her in my arms again, never feel her breath on my cheeks, never hear her speak; if I had known this, I should have died that night, out there on the desolate sea-shore! It is well for us, flesh-and-bones, that Fate keeps our destiny under lock and key, dealing it out to us bit by bit, while we, like so many *Oliver Twists*, are asking for more. Fools! let us be content, if we can, with what we get. We know when we were born, but we cannot guess where our graves will be. It is better so. Suppose a man, verging on the prime of life, should meet his full-grown Biography walking about? He would be awfully anxious to shuffle off this mortal coil, and have done with it!

As I walked home that night, the air was charged with electricity; quick spears of lightning flashed from murky clouds in the

far east, and though the stars shone with unnatural brilliancy, large drops of rain came pattering down before I reached the door of my cottage. On passing through the grape-arbor which led to the porch, I was surprised to hear voices and see lights in my usually quiet and dismal abode. I stood on tip-toe and looked in at the window. The little room was filled with strange beings — people who seemed as if they had once known me, but would know me no more!

As I stepped into the house, these people rose silently from their chairs, one by one, and passed out. Who can they be? thought I, looking after the vanishing throng, bewildered. Suddenly I felt a void in my heart, and I recognized them as they seemed to melt into and become a part of the night. There was Hope, sorrowful enough, leading the little blind-boy Love; there were Peace and Youth, going away from me forever! Come back, ye unprized friends! stay with me yet a little longer, ye pleasant phantoms of long ago! But they heard me not, and passed on. I turned back to my room to weep, and lo! a host of spectres greeted me. But ah! they went not at my coming! There, in my chairs, waiting for me, were Pain, and Calamity, and Sickness, and Age, and Thought — the worst fiend of all! I pressed my hands on my temples, and — I know not what happened.

I must have been sick many months, for when I opened my eyes to the world about me, there was something in the singing of the birds and the newness of the foliage which brushed against the window, that told of spring. I lay in bed in my own chamber, and an old woman was driving the flies out the room with her apron.

‘Is it May?’ I asked faintly.

The old beldam came to the bed-side and looked at me.

‘No: it is June. Go to sleep.’

Go to sleep! As if I had not had sleep enough. Here was a mystery. I come home one fine October night from a walk with Jean on the beach: I find shadowy people making themselves at ease in my parlor: I fall over something: I open my eyes, and it is June! the flowers growing, the robins singing, and an old woman killing the flies! I ask the time of year, and am told to go to sleep! What would happen next?

When the doctor came he put a little sense on the face of things. I had, he said, been taken suddenly ill in my parlor, where I was found the next morning by the woman who overlooked, and sometimes looked completely over, the welfare of my *ménage*. I had been long and dangerously sick — ‘out of my head,’ as he expressed it — but was doing well now, and would soon be a new man.

A new man! ay, to be some body else were indeed a comfort!

Gradually the remembrance of all that had taken place dawned on my confused mind. I determined to ask no questions, but to get well as speedily as possible. Patience, patience, I could only lie and think of Jean. Time went by slowly. At length the doc-

tor promised me one Saturday that I should walk out the following Sunday, if the weather was balmy.

Heavens! what a day it was. A thousand birds, crimson and blue, and yellow, floated on the air like wild-flowers with wings. Merry little brooks leaped through out-of-the-way places. The winds, scented with sweet-brier, just stirred the heavy, velvet leaves, and God's benison came down in the sun-shine. To step into such a day from a sick-room!

I paced up and down the arbor several times, for the old nurse was watching me; but my heart and eyes were turned toward the town. I could just see the red chimney of Jean's house above the tree-tops, on the other side of the bridge! I opened the garden-gate noiselessly, and stood in the open road. The wayside grass hardly bent under my light step. I seemed to walk on air. Now and then I paused to catch the few soft-warbled notes of an oriole: once I stopped at a brook to taste its silver, and once a rainbow-colored butterfly was near tempting me into a chase.

In the belfry of the rain-beaten church at G —, is a set of chiming-bells. Particularly sweet and sad are these chimes. On a still sunny morning they preach melodious little sermons, and sing airy little hymns, all by themselves, up in the old belfry. You should hear them once!

Just as I placed my foot on the bridge, they began their matins.

'The air broke into a mist with bells.'

I could but stand and listen. Now they would die away in softest whispers; then they would come again louder, and louder, and louder, and then such a tintinnabulation! You would have thought that all the dainty bells in fairydom had gone mad with music. Suddenly they ceased, and the charmed air was startled and pained by the solemn noise of the great bell. It was tolling! They were burying some one from the church. As I looked into the cloudless sky and felt the grateful air in my nostrils, and heard the murmuring of waters about me, it did not seem as if Death were in the world. Something in the mournful, human sound of the bell shocked me strangely. Nor me alone, seemingly, for a white-haired old man leading a child by the hand, stopped in the middle of the bridge and listened.

'Do you know,' said I, walking to his side, 'do you know for whom the bell is tolling?'

'Ay, ay,' returned the old man, 'for old Mrs. Truefeathern, or Captain Royston's child; they both were to be buried to-day.'

'Jean Royston, did you say!' I gasped. 'Dead!'

'Ay; she has been sick nearly a year now.'

Dead, Jean dead! O God! how the sun-shine of that morning was blotted out in a moment. I staggered against the wooden railing of the bridge for support. The bright green eel-grass which grew about the tide-gate turned into long streamers of crape; the heavens hung down in black folds; the robins wailed, like accursed spirits, in the cherry-trees; and then that dreadful bell



with its deep, melodious mournfulness — ah! CHRIST! how it did make my heart ache!

‘Dead? no, old man, you lie to me!’ I cried, springing at his throat. I could have strangled him for his words — the demon of bad news! But as I looked up, I saw Jean Royston — ay, Jean Royston walking at the further end of the bridge. And as I looked, she turned and beckoned me.

I loosened my hold on the terrified old man, and hastened after Jean. She walked leisurely down the little hill, and took the road that ran by the cottage. I quickened my foot-steps, but to my utter consternation and surprise, I soon discovered that I did not gain on her in the least.

‘Jean! Jean!’ I called, ‘wait for me.’ But she passed on with unaltered gait; and though my walk had now changed into a quick run, the distance between us remained the same. The perspiration hung in great cold globules on my forehead. ‘She will stop at my garden-gate,’ thought I. But no; the doctor was standing there, and as I hurried by him, he hailed me with:

‘Well! where now, truant?’

‘I’ll return in a moment,’ was my hasty reply; ‘I wish to speak with the lady who just passed.’

‘Lady?’ said the doctor, looking at me anxiously. ‘Nobody has passed here this half-hour — no lady, surely.’

‘What!’ said I, halting with surprise, ‘did not that lady,’ pointing to Jean, who had paused at a turn of the road, ‘did not that lady just pass within two yards of you?’

‘I see no one,’ said the doctor, following with his eyes the direction of my finger.

It had been my opinion for some time that the doctor was deranged. This was conclusive. It is a peculiarity of people who are slightly out, that while their eyes, turned brainward, conjure up all sorts of phantoms, they quite as frequently fail to see bodies which really exist in the material world. The poor doctor’s disease took that popular turn.

But there stood Jean waiting for me. The heavy June air blew back her long tresses, and I observed for the first time the unearthly pallor of her face. Is it Jean, thought I, or a great white flower?

‘Jean, dear Jean!’ and I stretched out my arms, approaching her.

She smiled on me sadly, and turned into a little briery wayside path which branched off from the main road, and led to that large tract of woodland which I mentioned in describing the location of my cottage. Her pace now became accelerated, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I could keep her in sight. On the verge of the forest she paused, and looked at me. Shall I ever forget that heavenly white face, those large melancholy eyes, that mournful, hopeless smile? It was but for a moment she stopped. In the mean time I had approached within ten yards of the place where she was standing. Then Jean parted the thick drapery of

honeysuckle vines with her hands, and plunged into the dense wood. I followed her with all speed, for a horrid thought had flashed across my brain. I coupled Jean's wild look with the still, deep ponds which lay in the shadows of that vast woodland.

The thought gave wings to my feet.

I darted after her madly, tearing my face and hands on the tangled vines and briars, which stretched forth a million ghostly arms to impede my progress. Every now and then, through openings in the leaves, I caught glimpses of her white dress floating away from me. This was like the sight of blood to a famished wolf. I dashed on with redoubled speed. But in vain! in vain! I neither gained nor lost ground. We were now nearing the largest pond in the world, and unless Jean should change her course, that would prevent farther flight. I should then have her at bay. This gave me hope, and I leaned against a tree to take breath. She also stopped.

The piece of water directly before us lay, as it were, in a great green bowl. The shore on each side sloped to the silver edges of the pond, and the grass grew down into the very water. A line of pine and maple trees shut it in on every hand, forming a vast amphitheatre, of which the glassy pond was the centre.

I could see Jean in the distance, resting on a boulder of granite. Now was my time; but at the first step a dry branch snapped under my foot; the sound startled my fawn, and she was off again. Wings of Time! how she flew. At the line of trees which encircled the sheet of water Jean halted irresolutely, and I nearly came up with her, so near, indeed, that I could hear the quick, heavy throbbing of her heart. I would have caught her in my arms, but 'Never any more, Paul!' she said, 'never any more!' and breaking through the festoons of ivy, she ran toward the pond. I heard a splash, not as loud as would be made by dropping a pebble in the water. I ran half-way down the slope.

Jean had disappeared.

Near the bank a little circle in the water widened, and widened, and broke into innumerable other circles, which, expanding in their turn, were lost in space. A single silver bubble floated over the spot where the first circle grew, and as I looked, this thing of air opened, and out of it slowly sprang a superb white WATER LILY.

There was no use to look for Jean. There she was!

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HERE comes that dear, good man with my dinner. I wonder who he is? He certainly takes a great interest in me. I will do something for him when the Moon-Apparatus is completed. He deserves it. If I should ever get out of my head — and I shall some day, I know — I should like to have just such a quiet, well-bred fellow for my keeper.

But not yet, not yet!

## M I D - S U M M E R .

THE hot sun glares upon the plain :  
 The grass is withered up and sere :  
 No sweet birds singing glad my ear,  
 Alone the locust shrieks with pain.

The clover hangs its fragrant head,  
 Its bloom is burnt and turned to brown ;  
 In airy flight, the thistle-down  
 Floats up from off its prickly bed.

The sun-shine glitters through the leaves,  
 And fills with light the shaded air ;  
 In shimmering heat the hills lie bare,  
 Despoiled of all their golden sheaves.

## THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.\*

‘THEIR line is gone out through all the earth,  
 And their words to the end of the world.’

THE opening lines of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus present the most impressive picture ever drawn in the Greek drama. They represent a watchman seated, by night, on the palace-top in Argos,

‘Fixed as a dog on AGAMEMNON’S roof,’

where for ten patient years he had awaited the signal,

‘Big with the fate of PRIAM and of Troy.’

He is complaining that for so long a time the dews of night have fallen on his couch, unvisited by dreams, and bemoans the discords in the ancient and royal house of his master, when lo ! on the mountain-top gleams the blazing torch whose flame announces the fall of Troy. Ida, over-looking the Trojan plain, first sent forth the streaming light. The steep of Lemnos received the gleaming splendor, and waved its fiery tresses over the sea to Athos’ sacred height, whence, from mountain-top to mountain-top, the concerted signal held its shining way.

But the civilized world has just been startled by an event more wonderful than the triumph of an army or the fall of a kingdom. Representative ships of the two most powerful nations on the

\* THE STORY OF THE TELEGRAPH, AND A HISTORY OF THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE. BY CHARLES F. BRIGGS AND AUGUSTUS MAYERICK. Pp. 255. New-York: RUDD AND CARLETON, 310 Broadway. 1858.

globe, shorn of their battle array, have met mid-way on the Atlantic, and by vigilance and good-fortune, spanned it with the magic cord which, so far as the transmission of intelligence is concerned, almost annihilates time and space. Overawed by the magnitude of this achievement, which unassisted human effort could never have brought about, may we not say with the inspired Hebrew bard, 'The LORD reigneth. Let the earth rejoice: let the multitude of the isles be glad thereof. His lightnings enlighten the world. The LORD on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea'?

The enthusiasm now manifested on both sides of the Atlantic, plainly indicates that, in popular estimation, 'of all the marvellous achievements of modern science, the electric telegraph is transcendently the greatest and most serviceable to mankind. It is a perpetual miracle, which no familiarity can render commonplace. This character it derives from the nature of the agent employed and the end subserved. For what is the end to be accomplished, but the most spiritual ever possible? Not the modification or transportation of matter, but the transmission of thought. To effect this, an agent is employed so subtle in its nature, that it may more properly be called a spiritual than a material force. The mighty power of electricity, sleeping latent in all forms of matter, in the earth, the air, the water; permeating every part and particle of the universe, carrying creation in its arms, it is yet invisible, and too subtle to be analyzed. Of the natural effects of electricity, the most palpable examples occur in atmospheric manifestations; but its artificial generation and application are the mightiest scientific triumphs of our epoch. It was but little more than a hundred years ago that Franklin's immature experiments demonstrated the absolute identity of lightning and electricity. Since then various mechanical contrivances have been devised for liberating this subtle but potent power from its dark windings in the prison-house of material forms; the result of which is, that the electric fluid may be produced and employed in any desired quantity and with any required intensity. Thus the same terrific agent which rushes with blinding and crushing force in the lightning, has been brought under the perfect control of man, and is employed at his will as an agent of his necessities. With dissolving energy it effects the most subtle chemical analyses, it converts the sun-beam into the limner's pencil, employs its Titanic force in blasting rocks, dissolves gold and silver, and employs them in the gilding and plating of other metals; it turns policeman, sounding its whistle and alarm-bell; and lastly, applies its marvellous energy to the transmission of thought from continent to continent with such rapidity as to forestal the flight of Time, and inaugurate new realizations of human powers and possibilities.'

By means of this telegraphic connection a new influence has been developed. Intelligence has more than ever become a power on earth. The pen is more than ever mightier than the sword; the leaden type more fatal in its aim than the leaden bullet. The

clang of the revolving press is more decisive than the thunders of angry nations; and the spilling of ink avails more than the shedding of blood.

While we were residing at Vienna, during the late Eastern war, the world was startled by the intelligence, that in an Austrian town the two great branches of the house of Bourbon, long at enmity with each other, had formed an alliance, and would bring the weight of their combined influence to bear upon the questions agitating Europe. The bloody head of Revolution seemed about to rise again above the troubled waves of continental politics. The Bourse was convulsed. Nations turned pale. Men trembled; but in the fearful looking for of calamity, did they inquire: 'What does Napoleon think of this? What does the Czar Nicholas think of this? What do Courts and Cabinets think of this?' No! While London sleeps, an unknown individual writes a few editorial sentences, asserting that: 'No Bourbon shall ever again be tolerated on the throne of France.' Before sun-rise, the busy lightnings flash them over the European world. The fear of revolution passes away. Confidence is again restored. And in the remotest corner of Europe, where the language of an Englishman is unknown, and the name of an Englishman hated, there echoes to the thunder of the *Times* the joyful assurance, that 'No Bourbon shall ever again be tolerated on the throne of France!'

Thus the disarming message, leaping over the globe on telegraphic nerves, will, by giving quick explanation and time for healing counsel, be every where a promoter of peace and harmony. The nations of the civilized world are brought near together, and this contiguity will not fail to beget a more intimate acquaintance. Unity of interests and of aims will take the place of old hatreds and hostilities, and in the enlarged realm of human sympathies, the brotherhood of men will be more fully acknowledged. New impetus will be given to commerce, and while the smaller powers will be made no weaker, the greater will be rendered still more powerful by the ability of concentrating their energies and their efforts.

The authors of the volume before us, have well said that: 'The completion of the Atlantic Telegraph may be regarded as the crown and complement of all past inventions and efforts in the science of Telegraphy; for great and startling as all past achievements had been, so long as the stormy Atlantic bade defiance to human ingenuity, and kept Europe and America dissevered, the electric telegraph was deprived of the crowning glory which its inventor had prophesied it should one day possess. But now the great work is complete, and the whole earth will be belted with the electric current, palpitating with human thoughts and emotions. If we reflect for a moment that the great Atlantic Cable is the connecting link between America's web-work of forty-five thousand miles, and Europe's system of fifty-five thousand miles of telegraph wires, thus forming a vast inter-connected system of a hundred thousand miles of wires, more than sufficient to put a quadruple

girdle round the globe, some conception of its immense significance may be gained.

For a complete history of Telegraphy, we must refer our readers to the excellent and timely volume from which we have so largely quoted. In addition to the discoveries of Galvani and Volta, of Oersted and Ampère; in addition to the practical application of these discoveries by Morse, Cook, Wheatstone, Gauss, and Weber, how many things were requisite to render an Ocean Telegraph practicable! Without *gutta-percha* to insulate the cord; without the agency of steam-ships to lay it with dispatch; without the aid of instruments whose ingenuity surprises us, and more than all else, without that faith and inflexible will which do not brook defeat: without all of these, and many more, success could never have been attained. As it was, how often the ships returned to the appointed rendezvous, mid-ocean, to resume again what almost every one interested began to look upon as an impracticable enterprise!

‘The connection of Mr. Cyrus W. Field with the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise, dates from the early part of the year 1854. Receiving with undoubted faith the plan for connecting the continents by means of an Oceanic Telegraph, seeing no obstacles which could not be overcome by patient perseverance, and possessed of an indefatigable energy, to Mr. Field may be accorded the honor of sustaining the main burden of an extraordinary effort. When others sank, discouraged by the pressure of untoward events, and dismayed by the prospect of failure, this gentleman revived hopes that were nearly extinguished, infused fresh energy into the efforts of his associates, and finally succeeded in arousing a spirit of enterprise which has reaped its own reward. The history of the organization of the Telegraph Company, and the record of the steps in the progress of the Atlantic Telegraph, are so intimately associated with the name of Mr. Field, that we may be pardoned for a brief digression from the main subject of this narrative, in order to give a running sketch of that gentleman’s personal history.

‘Cyrus West Field is a native of Massachusetts, having been born in the town of Stockbridge in that State, in the year 1819. His father was the Rev. D. D. Field, a native of East-Guilford, Connecticut, a graduate of Yale, and first settled at Haddam, Connecticut. Dr. Field had nine children — seven sons and two daughters. The sons have all risen to distinguished positions. The elder brother, the Hon. David Dudley Field, of New-York, is well known on both sides of the Atlantic as one of the Revisers of the Code of the State of New-York. Matthew Dickinson Field is a leading citizen of Massachusetts, and was recently or is still Senator. Jonathan Edwards Field is a Judge of the Supreme Court of California. The Rev. Henry M. Field was formerly pastor of a Congregational Society in West-Springfield, Massachusetts, and now editor of the *New-York Evangelist*. One son, Timothy, went to sea, many years since, and has never been heard from. Cyrus West Field, in early life, came to New-York, and



was engaged as clerk in the establishment of Mr. A. T. Stewart. He subsequently returned to Massachusetts, and was employed in the paper manufactory of his brother Matthew, in the town of Lee; and on attaining his majority, entered into the same line of business on his own account, at Westfield, Massachusetts, but failed during the panic of 1837. He then returned to New-York, and established a large paper commission warehouse, of which he is still the head. Some four or five years ago, Mr. Field's attention was directed to the project of an Oceanic Telegraph. In the spring of 1854, his ideas on that subject first took definite shape, and the active and earnest coöperation of several prominent citizens of New-York — among whom were Messrs. PETER COOPER, MOSES TAYLOR, MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, CHANDLER WHITE, S. F. B. MORSE, and DAVID DUDLEY FIELD — was given in aid of his enterprise. The further development of the plan is recorded in these pages.

‘In person, Mr. Field is slight and nervous. His weight is about one hundred and forty pounds. His features are sharp and prominent, the most striking peculiarity being the nose, which projects boldly. His body is lithe and his manner active; eyes grayish-blue and small; forehead large, and hair auburn and luxuriant. He does not appear as old as he is. The steel portrait which accompanies this Number conveys a perfect idea of the appearance of the man.’

We are aware that the greater part of the material means by which this magnificent enterprise has been achieved, was furnished by English capitalists, and therefore would not claim the entire credit for our countrymen. Yet the Atlantic Telegraph is especially an American enterprise. We may justly claim much for ourselves. Aside from the services of Franklin and Morse, we believe it was an American who first suggested the practicability of uniting the two continents by means of telegraphic communication. It was an American who discovered the existence of the submarine *plateau* over which the wire could be laid. An American wrested from the elements the secret when the hushed winds and calmed waves would render success most probable; and to an American the chief direction of the enterprise was entrusted. We have, therefore, properly hailed this great event with a national celebration. While in the estimation of the English,

‘AGAMEMNON rules the main,’

along with the bark which bore Columbus to the Western Continent, and the ‘Mayflower’ of the Pilgrims, we will remember the noble ‘Niagara,’ ready for missions of war or of peace, wherever the winds of heaven may sweep over the ocean :

‘Eurusque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis  
Africus.’

## T H E W R E C K .

## I.

I DREAMED erewhile of a storm-dark sea,  
A-moaning in restless woe,  
And a welkin above, where the draping clouds  
Hung heavy, and dark, and low :

## II.

As a band of warriors, grim and stern,  
In a funeral march tramped by,  
Slowly and dark their serried ranks  
Filed over the solemn sky.

## III.

The wind shrieked out like a mad wild thing —  
A creature in sudden pain —  
Or muffled a long, low, sighing wail,  
Then eddied to rest again.

## IV.

Oh! the darkened sky and troubled deep,  
Were sorrowful to see;  
But something there, 'mid storm and gloom,  
Was sadder yet to me.

## V.

Not through the darkness first it surged,  
That sight on my dreaming eye;  
Not till a light fell, clear and far,  
Through a rift of the solemn sky.

## VI.

It fell on a mast but half-submerged;  
And a commorant, wheeling there,  
With a circlet of gems in his beak, that shone  
Erewhile in a lady's hair.

## VII.

It fell on a white, white human form,  
Serene, and still, and cold:  
And wondrous fair, on the dark green wave,  
With her hair of floating gold.

## VIII.

The pitying sea ebbd to-and-fro,  
And cradled her softly there:  
So white, so still, she looked in death  
Like an angel sleeping there.

*Valley Forge, May, 1858.*

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA : a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge.  
Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Volume III: BEA—BRO. Pp.  
768. 1858. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS Cyclopædia of General Knowledge is a most timely and salutary discipline for American readers. A philosophical observer of recent history may pardonably regard it as the proper supplement and period to all that has been done in the world during the last fifty years. The storm of the French Revolution and the terrific career of NAPOLEON went not by without leaving a blessing. They thoroughly waked mankind up, and left alike the Gallic, Teutonic, and Anglo-Saxon races in the highest degree of energy. The revolutionary ideas which had threatened to destroy the whole social, political, and religious fabric of Europe, were indeed crushed, abandoned even by NAPOLEON, who had sprung from the lair of the revolution. But the habit of mind, which had been acquired by facing a possible overthrow of all existing institutions, and by searching the realm of speculation for something to supply their place, remained. The barriers to thought were jostled away; and when peace came, the exuberant vigor of men was transferred undiminished to the pursuits of science, literature, and material progress.

It is remarkable how large a portion of the intellectual activity for many years past has been in the two diverse directions of scientific discovery and the composition of fiction. Men have seemed bent on having something new at any rate, either by finding it or by creating it. Sir WALTER SCOTT was meditating his first novel almost at the same time that FULTON was scheming a steam-boat on the Hudson, and the brilliant triumphs of steam-navigation and the splendid series of the Waverley novels came on together. While the Earl of Rosse was looking through his vast telescope at modest stars, Mr. DICKENS was diverting himself with the wisdom of Mr. SAMUEL WELLER and the entertaining conversation of DICK SWIVELLER. FICHTE was trying to reconcile the incompatible metaphysical couple of the Ego and the Non Ego, at the same time that IRVING was recording the unutterable ponderings of the Dutchman, WALTER the Doubter. HEGEL was exploring the absolute while BARTH was exploring the interior of Africa; and the one was describing ideas while the other was describing negroes. Mrs. SOMERVILLE was proving that a lady could understand the *Mécanique Céleste*, and was writing

about the connection of the sciences, when Mr. THACKERAY was developing BECKY SHARP, and other ornaments of society. FOURIER was trying to change the book of fate from a romance to a scientific treatise, only a little before GOETHE told the story of that vagabond of genius, WILHELM MEISTER. While Lady BLESSINGTON was entertaining with romantic grace and elegance the artists and poets of England, the BRONTË sisters were living a life as fearful, in its way, as was the Orestead cycle of stories which was the favorite mythological theme of ancient tragedy. COMTE recommended positive philosophy above all things, while BULWER, not satisfied with having excelled as a dramatist, poet, orator, and novelist of the old school, undertook to show that he too could write a moral novel; and surprised the public by producing 'The CAXTONS.' SCHOOLCRAFT has sought to learn the truth concerning the American Indians, and COOPER and LONGFELLOW have sought to preserve the romance and poetry which hover about them.

But not only in science and fiction have the recent times been active. The age has produced all sorts of gentlemen, from BEAU BRUMMEL to JOHN HALIFAX, Gent. BYRON has astounded the Italians by the audacity of his dissipation, and still more by crossing over from Venice to talk and study with the holy monks in their cloisters during the night. THOMAS HOOD has written the 'Song of the Shirt,' the last refrain of which is the invention of the sewing-machine. A chemist has just died in England, who had the faith and diligence of a mediæval alchemist, and who wore out his life while he was striving to handle the original atoms of matter. There have, too, been wars and great migrations. Russia has grown to colossal dimensions; Hungary has been crushed from a nationality to a province; the trickish game of French politics has again centered in interest around the imperial head; and England has passed the Reform Bill, tended to republicanize her monarchy, and at present receives a wide sympathy in her efforts to reconquer those Indian millions who by her enterprise have been brought within the scope and interest of civilization. Revolutions or political crises have dotted almost every decade of years in every European country. Rail-roads have connected lands like sinews, telegraphs like nerves; and since the completion of the Ocean Telegraph, we can almost think of the whole world as not only of one kith and kin, but even as one bodily system.

We have thus hardly outlined a period which now finds in our own country its first, and, for a time, at least, its most dignified recapitulation in the New American Cyclopædia. A cyclopædia is the first step, and may also perhaps be the last, in the winnowing process of history. It is a museum of the choicest facts of all the ages. We first learn to appreciate our century when we see it in company with its fellow eighteen Christian centuries, not to mention more ancient times. Scarcely any other position can be imagined which would be so severe a test of integrity and scholarship as that of an editor of these volumes. It is a sort of universal judgment-seat. The balance has to be struck constantly between what is frivolous and what is substantial, and every subject has to be shown in all its important bearings, and to receive whatever light can be thrown upon it from the latest investigations. To what degree this work is complete and impartial, the applause with which it is received by the press and by literary men in all parts of the Union, is a significant indication. Yet volumes of

so great magnitude, which require years for their publication, can be finally judged at least not in less time than is demanded for their publication.

One of the first and most interesting articles in the third volume is on the *Beard*. The writer takes us through almost all times and peoples, showing up the bearded princes of the middle ages, who yet obliged their bishops to shave, on the ground that 'a beard was contrary to sacerdotal modesty:' the golden age of the beard in France, in the reign of HENRY IV., 'when its various styles were distinguished as the pointed beard, the square beard, the round beard, the aureole beard, the fan-shaped beard, the swallow-tail beard, and the artichoke-leaf beard; and the Eastern nations, among others the Egyptians, 'whose greatest astonishment in seeing NAPOLEON was to find him beardless.' The articles on *Book* and *Book-selling* contain much new and specially interesting matter. The phenomenon of having so many new books, has often struck us as unprecedented and marvellous, notwithstanding ARISTOPHANES scoffed at the number of books and authors in his time. Something of the machinery by which a worthless book is made to live half-a-season, paying a profit in that time to all parties concerned, immediately after which it disappears, never more to be heard of here, may be discovered by consulting the second of the above-mentioned articles. The article on CHARLOTTE BRONTË, or the BRONTË family, is written in a somewhat rugged style, but is a vigorous and thorough account of the greatest of female novelists. 'The great feature of her writing is its muscular intellectuality. Her adventurous plough dares the toughest soils, and forces its way through, upturning them from the bottom. Nor does she ever confound her sensations with her perceptions; hence we never catch her tormenting language, in a spasmodic effort to translate the darkness of the one into the light of the other. The result of all which is, that her works have the solid, legitimate, durable interest of truth; she looks life square in the face, and depicts it fearlessly, as if she scorned the illusive vanities of art.' The long and manifestly learned article on *Brahma* is certainly confused. If we should want to be a Brahmin to-morrow morning, we should not know from the article how to go to work. The volume closes with two articles of prime interest, both from the subjects and their admirable treatment—those on the BROWNINGs. The poet and poetess themselves might advantageously read the careful judgments here pronounced upon their works. 'Her readers are sometimes perplexed with passages of a cloudy indistinctness, in which the meaning either has not been clear to herself, or is not clearly presented to the comprehension of others. Her bold and uncompromising spirit sometimes carries her beyond the limits of perfect good taste. Her command of the lawful resources of the English language is very great; but with these she is not always content.' And yet, 'whether she deals with the shadowy forms of legendary superstition, or depicts the struggles of a strong and unsubmissive spirit, or paints pictures of pure fancy, or gives expression to the affections which bloom along the common path of life, or throws the light of poetry over its humblest duties and relations, she seems equally at home in all.' The following is a part of the account of that enigma in literature—Mr. BROWNING's '*Paracelsus*:' 'It delineates the course of a rich and generous nature, full of high aspirations, exposed to many temptations, often going astray, but growing nobler and finer to the last; and after many aberrations,

drawn back to those fountains of truth and goodness from which his earliest inspirations were derived.'

Here is an admirable short notice of *Beatrice*, 'the woman whose name has been immortalized by DANTE's poems,' and who is to Christians 'the emblematic personification of divine wisdom;' and longer notices of such sorts of people as the *Bechuanas*, *Bedouins* and *Boers*, the last of whom seem to be a race of wild Dutchmen in the southern part of Africa. For statesmen, there are elaborate articles on BENTHAM, BENTINCK, BENTON, BROUGHAM, and the BIDDLES of Pennsylvania. (Why was not more space given to BENTON?) For the religious, an article of sixteen columns on *Bible*, and others on *Bible Societies*, Bishop BROWNELL, of Connecticut, the missionaries BOARDMAN and BRAINARD, and a long history of Saint BERNARD, too long, indeed, since it is not written, and perhaps could not be now, in the spirit in which the life was lived. For ornithologists, a general long article on *Birds*, and special articles on such varieties as *Blackbird*, *Blackcap*, *Blackcock*, *Bluebird*, and the American favorite, the *Bobolink*. For military gentlemen, excellent articles on *Beresina*, *Borodino*, BLUCHER, BERNADOTTE, and all the BONAPARTES; and for the anatomical, there are full articles on *Blood*, *Brain*, *Bile*, and kindred subjects.

It is not possible, by mentioning articles, to convey any but the most general notion of the character of the work. In conclusion, we repeat our congratulations to American readers, that having been long under the loose discipline of romances and imaginative investigators and discoverers, they are at length to have their stock sifted for them by learned and critical cyclopædists, and to have the means of learning how many of their facts and fancies are worth keeping, and how much knowledge there is worth having of which they are as yet ignorant. There is no so easy way of correcting errors and prejudices as by getting a complete view of things.

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MEMOIR OF JOSEPH CURTIS. By the Author of 'Means and Ends,' 'The Linwoods,' 'Hope Leslie,' 'Live and Let Live,' etc. In one Volume: pp. 200. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

AN uninterrupted family intimacy, for upward of a score of years, enables us to pronounce this little book a true picture of a true MAN: at the same time, we cannot but regret that the term '*Model Man*' had not been omitted from the title-page: for, although it undoubtedly expresses the firm and unbiased convictions of the author in that regard, arising from a long intimacy and friendship; still, so modest and unpretending was the subject of the memoir, so anxious was he to inculcate perseverance in every good word and work, that in the case of others, as well as in his own, we think he would have recoiled at the word '*model*,' at least as applied to himself, since it implies an attained *perfection*. Miss SEDGWICK, however, is sustained in the selection of her phrase, by the testimony of other eminent persons. For example: 'Among his most intimate and dearest friends, the friend of many years, was the benefactor of our city, PETER COOPER. In a letter in relation to JOSEPH



CURTIS, he says: 'I wish it was in my power to give you a description of his untiring devotion to all the great interests of humanity. To do this, it would be necessary to follow him through a life of efforts to aid almost every benevolent enterprise calculated to elevate and better the condition of the present, but more particularly the rising generation. I regard him as the best and truest pattern of a perfect man that it has ever fallen to my lot to know.' This is a fit concurrent testimony to the brief history of his life.' Among the early incidents in the life of the subject of the memoir is the following, which is characteristic of his subsequent acts through life. It should be premised, that by the advice of the family physician, he is recruiting his somewhat impaired health, by driving a stage-coach between his native village and an adjoining town, a distance of some thirty miles: this was at a time when there were few persons of foreign birth in New-England: 'every body knew everybody.' life was carried on with extreme simplicity; and no employment was held to be menial:

'THE employment of driving a coach over the rugged roads of those times, through summer heats and the fearful cold of winter, required almost as much intrepidity as an arctic expedition, with all appliances and means to boot, now does, and discretion and humanity as well as intrepidity. We have the relation of a rough-weather experience in JOSEPH's coach from an old lady, a cotemporary of his, which proves that the driving of a coach then was no holiday affair. This old lady was then a young mother, travelling with 'two babes,' as she terms them, under JOSEPH's conduct from Danbury to Kent. 'It was night, and very dark and very cold; and in a dreadful part of the road the coach upset.' The poor young mother was in an agony of fright for her 'babes.' She thinks 'she should have died,' but for the care of the young coachman. He took off his coat and wrapped the baby in it. There was one old lady-passenger in the coach, not in the least hurt by the over-turn, but scared out of her wits and her temper, and she began, as our relator says, 'storming away,' pouring out her wrath on the head of the devoted JOSEPH. He took it all calmly and gently, and only replied: 'I'll carry you all through safe, Ma'am, if it be on my back.' 'And so,' says our informer, 'he took both my babes in his arms, turning horse for our sakes.' It was two miles to their destined inn. He went cheerily on with his weak and faint-hearted party, singing songs and telling stories by turns, soothing the 'babes,' sustaining the young mother, and coaxing and cheering on the grumbling old lady till she was beguiled out of her ill-humor, and they all arrived in good heart at the inn.

'But there, when the noble lad laid down his burden, he fainted, and they saw the blood trickling from a severe cut in his forehead, which he had not even mentioned. As soon as he was restored to consciousness and his head bound up, faithful to his trust, 'he started off,' says our narrator, 'as though nothing had happened, and back he went two miles after his horses and his broken coach, and brought them safely to the inn.'

'The merciful man is merciful to his beast;' and we have often wished that the subject of this memoir (who loved the noble horse, and loved to control him with mingled kindness and decision) could have lived to see his favorite theory so effectively carried out in the now-renowned animal 'training' of Professor RAREY. The following passage from the note of his eldest daughter, to our author, will exhibit her subject in the light of a tender father and an exemplary family governor:

'I RECOLLECT my father always cheerful and happy, and never letting an opportunity whereby we could be improved pass. His habit was to gather us around him and propound questions; for instance: 'Which of you can tell me how glass is made?' 'Where does iron come from?' then followed reading, and at the next early evening we were catechised.' Again she says: 'My father's family government was perfect. He never struck me; but he has given me sleepless nights by his grieved but commanding eye of displeasure. I recollect deceiving him when I was about seven years old. He spoke decidedly: 'Go up stairs!' In a short time he, with mother, came to me. They sat still, and looked very sorry. I saw a little switch in his hand.

I perfectly remember my conclusion: 'If you strike me, I will do it again.' Father read my defiant look. He laid the stick aside. I see the whole scene now. He sighed, and tenderly called me to him. He waited a few moments, and then pictured his very naughty daughter. 'He would not whip me,' he said: 'I must go to bed: if I were hungry, I could eat; but not with him or mother.' Shall I ever forget that night? He would not hear my concessions, would not kiss me; but long before he was up in the morning, I was let into his room and—*forgiven*.

'My sisters, between whom there were two years, when about nine and eleven were petulant to each other. Reproof failed to correct the habit. At last there was an outbreak. The four children, as usual, were summoned to his presence.' (It is notable that Mr. CURTIS uniformly treated the subjects of his government, whether his own children, his apprentices, or the juvenile delinquents of the Refuge, as peers. He made them virtually the judges of his laws, and the tribunal to which he demonstrated the justice of their execution in detail.) 'After a silent meditation, my father said: 'Children, you must part: to-night you sleep together for the last time. I shall send you to separate boarding-schools, and when you again live together, perhaps you will have learned to love one another; until you have learned that lesson, do not expect to return to this home.' There was weeping. We *all* did our part. I was sixteen years old. I knew father was in earnest, and I saw no escape from the sentence. He kissed me and my brother,' (not the offenders.) 'He then bade the girls to go to bed. There was but one thing before them—to *obey*. As I always put them to bed, I as usual, started to go with them. 'Go,' said my father, 'but do not speak to them.' Poor girls, how they cried! I saw them in bed, and kissed them. E— said: 'Ask father to come.' He did not, but walked the hall. After a while, they slept, locked in each other's arms. Before day-light, E— was at his door. 'Father, may we come in?' 'Yes:' spoken as always, kindly. 'Well, children?' 'Father, won't you kiss us?' 'Yes, after you have kissed each other.' They then said: 'O father! do not send us away.' Their punishment was commuted. They were not sent away; but, though permitted to remain at home, they were not permitted to speak or play together till they could do both with uninterrupted love.

'This state of things,' says their sister, 'did not long exist. To this hour, the lesson has not been forgotten. They never since have spoken unkindly to each other. They have differed, but without anger.'

One of the most interesting chapters in the volume, is that upon the 'House of Refuge for Juvenile Delinquents,' of which, with Mr. JOHN PINTARD, Mr. CURTIS may be said to have been the founder, as he was its first superintendent. Here his rule was one of mingled decision and love: and his 'family,' as he termed them, regarded him with the strongest affection. Letters from many under his charge, now citizens of wealth and distinction, and unblemished honor, abundantly and eloquently attest this. We only regret that our crowded pages will not permit us to present passages from them. One incident, however, we cannot help relating:

'ON one occasion a boy ran away, and, after a few days, full of penitence for his ingratitude, returned, confessed his fault, and entreated forgiveness. Satisfied of his sincerity, Mr. CURTIS forgave him. The directors, doubting this policy of mercy, disapproved his conduct, and instructed him, by unanimous vote, to give this runaway a certain number of lashes. Mr. CURTIS begged them to reconsider their order. He had from his heart forgiven the boy, who had returned to duty, and had only seen good from his course: he could not inflict what must now be a pure vengeance upon his back. The directors, however, reasserted their directions to lash him. Again he remonstrated, and again they reaffirmed their order, with instructions to the committee not to leave the premises until they had seen the blows inflicted. Mr. CURTIS, seeing no alternative, then came forward with the keys of the institution, and said: 'Gentlemen, I am not a slave-driver, and I cannot whip a boy whom from my heart I have forgiven. I resign the keys of the Refuge.' The directors, moved by his firmness, and respecting his convictions, did not accept his resignation, and remitted the lashes.'

Passing the chapter upon his 'School for Apprentices,' which is replete with interest and instruction, we come to the record of his devoted service in the

Public Schools of our city. From this division of the work, one extract must perforce suffice:

'Some of our young friends still in the Public Schools must remember him—a man about five feet eight inches in height; not too high to stoop to all their little wants. A very modest, quiet-looking old gentleman he was, so neat and simple in his apparel, that one might have mistaken him for a member of the Society of Friends; but he was a friend of all humanity, restricted to no society. The children's loving memory will recall his large, soft, dark gray eye; his dark hair, silvered by time, and curling round his temples and neck; his smile, that was like sun-shine to them, all combining to give him an expression of benignity that made them look up to him with love more than fear, even when he rebuked them; and sure were they, when he walked with noiseless steps up and down the long school-room, and in and out among the benches, that no misdemeanor would escape that watchful gray eye, no slovenly habit with pen or sponge, no dirty face, soiled hands, dirty nails, unbrushed hair, or even unbrushed shoes, would pass unnoticed. A boy soiling the upper-leather of one shoe with the sole of another, or lounging over his desk, or a girl stooping over her task, never escaped his rebuking but gentle tap. He would stop to right an awry collar, or to adjust a little girl's apron slovenly put on, giving her, at the same time, some pithy maxim, expressing the value of neatness and order, and with it such a loving pat on her cheek as would make it dimple with a smile; and so, as sun-shine causes the plants to grow, his love made the counsel thrive. The dreadful solemnity of his displeasure at any violence, or vulgarity, or falsehood, these children can never forget; nor how difficult it was to hide vice or foible from his eye. His right of guardianship was demonstrated to them in modes that left them no desire to question it. How many acts of parental care are remembered by the successive generations that have passed under his supervision! Mothers who now know what it is to watch over helpless little children, recount that when they were such, and belonged to the Primary School in Crosby-street, there was a cold day, when it had been snowing from early morning. The snows were drifted in the streets, the wind was howling, and the short winter's day was drawing to a close, and their hearts were full of dread of encountering the driving, blinding snow in their way to their obscure homes. Mr. CURTIS came (some of them 'knew he would,' as the poor frozen sailors said to Dr. KANE) with three large, roomy sleighs, (got at his own expense,) packed all the little ones in, took the least into his own care, and did not leave them till they were all safe with their mothers.

'Many such touching acts of kindness might be recorded; but, though they impress us like the delicious showers in a drought, they bear no comparison to that steady work and care, that, like the providential succession of seed-time and harvest, day and night, marked Mr. CURTIS's devotion to the schools. 'He discovered at an early period the deceptive manner in which examinations were carried on, and changed the whole policy to such a degree, that the very teachers who for years had been deemed most successful, were proved most unfaithful, and those who had been most blamed turned out most worthy. He made a close scientific investigation of the laws of ventilation, and procured them to be applied to the Public Schools. He studied the anatomy of the human form, to find out just what kind of support the spine of youth required in its sedentary attitude, and invented school-chairs and other furniture since universally adopted.'\*

'He taught the children,' says his friend, GEORGE TRIMBLE, 'how they should sit, stand, and walk; how to hold and use their books; how to *sweep*; doing his best for them for whom his love was unbounded.' He also taught them how to hold their books, and how to turn over the leaves. Some of our eminent preachers and lecturers, who still adhere to the old practice of the wetted thumb, might have profited by his lessons.'

To the very last hour he lived, the spirit which had actuated his blameless and useful life was manifested, and then he 'passed to his reward.' The memoir before us was mainly written to preserve the subject 'in the grateful remembrance of the children he loved and taught, and to impress his example upon them.' We think it will have a wide and salutary influence, in the way of forming the broad foundations of many a useful life. It is to be regretted that the work should not have contained an engraving from ELLIOTT's noble portrait of the loved and lamented subject of its pages.

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\* DR. BELLOWS.

K. N. PEPPER, AND OTHER CONDIMENTS. Put Up for General Use. By JACQUES MAURICE. In one Volume: pp. 342. New-York: RUDD AND CARLETON, Number 310 Broadway.

THIS modest, unheralded, and most tastefully-executed volume, appears at a time when it must make itself a *necessity*. We *must* laugh sometimes: we *must* assuage the rigors of the summer solstice, and the enervating effects of the same: and, reader, on your autumnal journeyings, by steamer, sail-boat, rail—take PEPPER. The effect may be transient: you may need no farther ‘active treatment:’ but you will remember it, and ‘come again,’ if need should be.

It is well known to all the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER, that Mr. PEPPER began his literary career in these pages: that he, through this medium, conveyed to the imaginations and the hearts of the PUBLIC, on both sides of the Atlantic, (previous to the laying of the wire-bridge) those unique and wholly original effusions, which have made his name—considerably well known.

It is not our purpose, nor our intention, to speak of the PEPPER Poems, which have from time to time appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER. There they are: look at them. The bones of those who have exploded in the perusal of them, whiten the soil of the ‘United’n States’n, from the Rocky Mountains on the East, to Kataádin, in the extreme West. Nay, the Isles of the sea—Nantucket, Owyhee, Honolulu—all respond to PEPPER. And this would be ‘glory enough for one day,’ not only, but for all time. It would not only be adscititious and supererogatory, but also unnecessary, for us to ask public criticism on the PEPPERIAN MUSE. ‘*A Noad to the Grek Slavo*’ is as immortal as the ‘statoo’ which inspired it: that ‘Marbel Stun Enterprise’ is wedded to our ‘Pote.’ Our Natural History owes a debt of gratitude to him, also, for his discriminating account of a ‘Colusion Between a Aligator and a Wotter-Snaik.’ A terrible encounter was that, and most fitly depicted. ‘*The Suferings ov a Man*,’ although hardly sufficiently distinctive in its title, is replete with pathos. Our readers, with tears in their eyes, will not fail to recall this touching poem. We have ventured to italicize a few lines, albeit such distinction is scarcely needed:

‘As he traveld bi the way,  
this Man wos herd fur to say  
(al aloan he wos, you se,)  
i wish i hed sum l fur cumpany.  
*But thair he wos, al aloan,  
& that is Sufering, we oan.*  
But as he wos a-goïn frum hoam,  
gitin kind ov loan-sum,  
*He side severl times quite hard,  
mournfully a-stroaking ov his baird,  
until his Suferings wos so intens*  
*He blood his noas bi the fens,*  
*Becos ov his absens ov mind—*  
*He not bein eny ways so inclind:*  
*Sech Wo!*—but cumpany wos ni  
to him moast sertinly:  
He heerd a yel, sum distens of,  
& as he afterwerds sed,  
it wos a Dog, & that Dog wos hisn—  
the saim as he hed left a prisener  
to hoam at 11 in the 4 noon.

this maid him kind ov mad soon;  
& as the Animel cumd lickin around  
*He swor Vengens onto him imejilly.*

‘o sed he, as stompt onto the ground,  
ime mad enuf, i am, to fi:  
So it bein a littel cus ov a Dog,  
*He jest tooe him by the nap ov the nec*  
*& felt amungst his tog-*  
*gerry; tooe out a fresh cud into his chee*  
*(ov tobucker) & scwirted the guse*  
*into his fais & i’s moast perfuse,*  
*& maid him yel sum, i shood thine,*  
*Peroodikelly a-wantin ov drinc*  
*fur to whet up his parchement tung.*  
& now mi song is moast sung:  
the Dog becam (spekin perlite)  
much regused; in fact, he died:  
And so did the man, sum time after  
ov the scarlit Feiver.’





'It is interesting to note those little inaccuracies which evince the carelessness of true genius. Thus, the left fore-leg of the bear is fore-shortened too much by about the thirty-second of an inch. But how amply is this over-sight atoned for in the extraordinary amount of intelligence thrown into the face of the bear! The tip of this celestial animal's nose is full of meaning. And the grace and repose of his figure — particularly the tail — challenge the encomium of every lover of extremely High Art.

'The accessories are well managed; the artist has them under complete control. Indeed, they have never been managed in quite the same way before. On a careful inspection of certain marks, we cannot resist the impression that the picture was at first intended as a mere skiagram; but that the suggestiveness of the subject induced the artist to fill it up, with all that elaborateness of finish now observable in it. How exquisitely faithful are the claws of the bear! How delicately pencilled are his ears!'

'We understand that an engraving of this admirable painting is being prepared, and impressions will be ready for subscribers by about the middle of September. Artists' proofs — with a gift-book — one dollar. Without the gift-book, four cents.

'The exquisite jokes, in parentheses, were invented by Mr. Ponn — whose spirits went so high, on the final completion of the painting, that for the space of half-an-hour his gravity entirely forsook him.'

But let us not forget Mr. PEPPER'S Astronomy. Listen to him upon one branch of Astronomy. He is speaking of COMETS: those erratic 'loafers' of the solar system, who 'stream their horrid hair upon the mid-night sky,' in defiance of observatories and public criticism:

'THESE heavenly bodies resemble snakes in being all head and tail. They are unlike snakes in having a very fiery appearance: red snakes, much to the regret of naturalists, being astonishingly rare. Comets lead a very irregular life, and are a scandal and disgrace to all their connections. We have seen the eagle descend from a great height and take the newly-acquired means of subsistence from the industrious hawk, flying away from the astonished bird as quickly as he came. Before the hawk recovers the ordinary use of his senses, the eagle is lost to sight, and not particularly dear to memory. The efforts of the comet are attended with the same disgraceful success. Watching his opportunity, he rushes down when the sun is so distracted by his many cares as to see nothing apart from them; and taking from that unsuspecting luminary as much fire-wood as would last him, if frugally used, twice the length of his natural life, flies away to his own country — wasting incredible quantities of light and heat, as he goes, in vulgar and ridiculous display. He has the unblushing audacity to come back again, after a few years, sometimes very much shorn of his splendor, and presenting a very ordinary appearance indeed. When sufficiently near, he repeats his disgrace, and provides himself with a new tail. Comets frequently rise to that pitch of vanity and extravagance, that they will unfeelingly sport two, three, and even six tails, at one and the same time, flaunting them in the very face and eyes of the injured sun. But Justice at last overtakes the offender: six-tailed comets are never seen but once.

'At a time when people did not know every thing — which we may suppose to have been before the advent of the present generation — comets were looked on with a jealous eye. No sooner was the cry: 'The Comet!' raised, than one-half thought there would be war directly, and the remainder that he designed staying his stomach with two or three of the planets. While these induced a tremendous and infernal clamor by means of shoutings, tin-pans, and calabashes, the former ordered an infinite number of *Misereeres* to be sung, and made appropriations for ammunition and the public defences. When we consider that while on the one hand the earth remains a tempting but untasted morsel, on the other wars innumerable have taken place, and that these theories were equally plausible, we cannot avoid the conclusion that, when wars or other calamities threaten a nation, it is better to bluster and make a great noise, than to waste money in appropriations or piety in prayers.'

It is our object, in this notice, to stimulate without satisfying, public curiosity. *The Book* is extant, exquisitely gotten up, after the uniform manner of the publishers. Buy and read. And do not infer that because Mr. PEPPER unbends in verse, that he is therefore incompetent to speak wisely and well in plain prose. He can be soberish — he can be sensible — he can be earnest: in proof of which, test the truth of this verdict in the only way in which it can properly be tested, 'and when found, make a note of it.'



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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'FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY: THESE THREE.'—Our excellent country Rector 'exchanged' on a recent Sabbath with a brother-clergyman from the adjoining State of New-Jersey. He read the service in a reverent tone, and with a pronunciation which it was a delight to hear. The discourse which ensued was from these words: 'Now abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity—these three: but the greatest of these is CHARITY.' We confess to 'main ignorance' of the true purport of the last term of these words of PAUL, until we had listened to the exposition to which we are about to allude. We had regarded 'CHARITY' rather in the light of alms-giving—of doing good to 'all those who are desolate and oppressed:' of benefactions to the poor and the needy. We rejoice in a strong and good memory: and with a few memoranda in pencil, we thought we should be able to recall the portions of the discourse which had so deeply impressed us. When we had written them out, however, and leisurely perused them, we could not but feel how far they came short of doing justice, either to the great theme, or its eloquent expositor. So, with a freedom which belongs, we believe, only to an EDITOR, we addressed a note to the clergyman who had so enlightened and delighted us, asking, if not amiss, for a transcription of indicated parts of the discourse, for publication in the KNICKERBOCKER. Most kindly was the request responded to; and the reader, we are sure, will thank us for the almost impudence which elicited the subjoined passages:

'WHAT we have already shown in demonstration of *'Faith,'* as inferior to *'Charity,'* is applicable alike, and with kindred force, to *'Hope.'*

It 'abideth now,' as a part of that 'law, which, as a schoolmaster, brings us to CHRIST.' It is the great incentive to exertion in the work of our salvation. It is an important element in the entire texture of our present character; and it is interwoven, as a golden thread, with the whole essence of our moral being. It enters into the very substance of our fearfully mysterious life; and operates upon the twofold relationship in which we stand, as connected with this world, and looking on to connection with another. Whether in things earthly and temporal, or in things spiritual and eternal, *Hope* is the quickening principle which nerves man's heart and soul, and leads him forward to tread with a firm step the path of life. . . . *'Now abideth Hope.'*

'It is the soul's youthful impulse, by which we are cheered and comforted in  
VOL. LII. 27

the vicissitudes and adversities of our present lot; and through which, as seeking a more enduring substance than it yields, we receive accessions of courage and of strength to 'press forward toward the mark for the prize of our high calling of God in CHRIST JESUS.' *'Now abideth Hope.'*

'It is the light of human life, which else were cheerless to us. It comes to us, like an envoy from the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in its wings and messages of joy upon its half-parted lips. In the exercise of its well-adapted ministry, it tracks its path with light, and scatters blessings all along its course. Beautiful are its feet upon the mountains, bringing glad tidings of good. The lanes and valleys of life rejoice in its visitations, and the wilderness and the solitary place are glad for it. It comes to us in 'the days of darkness, which are many,' and cheers us with the indications of a bright to-morrow. It finds the sky of life with clouds upon it, and tinges them with radiant hues; and even when the storm is dark, bursts through its gloom, and spans the firmament with its bow of promise. It finds us sinking, and arrests us ere we fall. It finds us cast down, and stretches out its hand to raise us. It never leaves us nor forsakes us, but at our bidding word. It keeps back the invading pressure of terrible Despair, and beckons us away to the green pastures where the still waters which refresh them are radiant with the smile of God. It tells us of a better portion; and that, however it may have failed us in our time of need, the world has pleasant places, and that 'it is good for us to be here.' It comes to us when the heart is sick and ready to faint, and enlivens us with friendly words. It invests the spirit of heaviness with the garments of praise. It lifts up the hands that hang down, and the feeble knees; and when joy comes not with the morning, it 'giveth songs in the night.' It transforms itself into expectation, and inspires us with fresh trust to 'quietly wait.' It invades the domain of disappointment and the chill recesses of deep grief, and peoples them with glad thoughts and happy sights. It speaks with soothing tones to the ill-fortuned and forsaken brother, shipwrecked and broken-hearted in his voyage of life, and encourages him amid 'the waves of this troublesome world,' to tempt the adventurous way once more. It renews the face of things, and transmutes to a seeming preciousness the crude rough elements it touches. Oh! it has a charmer's power. There is a wilderness before it; and a garden of Eden behind: before it is despair, lamentation, and wo: behind is the renewal of joy, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody. *'Now abideth Hope.'* Well for our present happiness it should — well for our immortal yearnings that it doth. It is the light that halloweth with blessedness our present lot; and when abiding in companionship with *Faith*, guides us to that higher happiness we long for, and which we find not here. Hope leans on Faith, and Faith on Hope. Each imparts to the other, as they proceed together, increase of energy, giving and taking ever strength reciprocal; and under their united ministry, we are both enabled to maintain our lot in time, and to work out for eternity our soul's salvation. *'Now abideth Faith and Hope.'*

'*Charity* (as every intelligent reader of the New Testament must understand) is only another name for *Love*. Accordingly, it is one of the glorious attributes of God; nay, we might rather say, *the engrossing attribute*: 'for God is Love; and every one that loveth is born of God.' It is *Love* which re-creates us in the heavenly image, transforms us into the Divine likeness, and moulds us into meetness for an inheritance among the holy. It is the very atmosphere which the soul, by the affixed conditions of its renewed life, breathes ever when it lives to

God. Without infringing their identity, but as the greater includes the less, it embraces and comprehends both Faith and Hope: 'For now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three'—severally and jointly. . . . We must 'hope all things,' and 'believe all things,' and in the strength of that indwelling principle of Love, whereby they work, do all things which the Gospel enjoins, as well-pleasing and acceptable to God. In the broad full sense in which it is defined in the chapter to which our text belongs, we must practise and live out Christian Charity. We must open our hearts to its gracious influence, that it may enter and abide in us. Thus every Christian principle will be called into full harmonious operation; and all 'the fruits of the Spirit,' with every heavenly grace and virtue, will be cultivated and live and grow in us. . . . But let us remember that *Love*, which is the great element of our enjoyment in the future world, hath its beginning first, and to a certain extent its progression, here. 'For now abideth Charity.' It enters into the texture of what we are, as indicative of what we shall be. It is the sign and mark in man of a Divine life, and holds its preëminent position as the central attribute of our present Christian character: 'Now abideth Charity,' as of moral necessity it must. Without it, all other graces are vain and nothing worth, and stand in the religious account only as dross and tin. . . . This is a most important consideration; and there grows out of it a wholesome lesson for the present time to learn. What we need for a harmonious religious development, is less *Church*, and more *Gospel*; less *theology*, and more *Love*. The religious faith of the age, unsettled, wavering, desultory, and distracted, *is as it is*, because its reigning spirit has ejected charity. And the only adequate remedy for the existing religious ailment—the only remedy which, penetrating beyond the superficial symptoms of its aspect, can reach to that inner source of the disease, and restore blooming health and warm-gushing life to the disordered system—is an infusion of that heavenly element of *Charity*, which it so sadly lacks. The life of God in the soul of man depends, both for its energy and for its being, upon this supply. It can never thrive to any thing like a vigorous and healthful development, upon the dry husks of dogma, and religious notion, and abstract orthodoxy, and ecclesiastical conceit, which have been so long its allotted portion. It must have 'its meat in due season' out of the fulness of God. And that fulness is Charity: 'For God is Love.'

'The practical application of the subject, with 'the conclusion of the whole matter,' as lying upon the surface, suggests itself at once; and the burden of its teaching is direct and plain. . . . In discussing religious matters, we fall into the scholastic lines; and are very apt to make use of terms of distinction, which separate what the system of the Gospel has united. In times when Love has waxed cold, and when the cause of this declension exhibits itself in the manifest effects which are consequent upon it—scholastic strictness, and theological debate, and sectarian strife—many, warmed with dogmatic zeal, run up and down and to and fro in quest of Orthodoxy. Controversy comes in, with its rough voice and its unmeek aspect, and separates and divides 'the household of faith' into rival sections and distinctive classes. Each selects, as the all-in-all for importance, some particular and favorite doctrine; invests it, as the theological pet, with 'a coat of many colors;' makes a sort of catch-word of its name, and rejoices in this, as the *shibboleth* of Christianity. It grows by what it feeds on into an arrogant exclusiveness, which, gradually emerging from the dominion of salutary restraint, asserts its peculiar supremacy, and is 'not afraid to riot in the day-time.' It 'brings forth after its kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth;' and when

the increase of its might renders practicable the indulgence of its desire, it drives out the nations before it and possesses the land.

'To avoid this prevailing tendency, which, in a faithless age, many have realized, and more are realizing, to their religious loss, let us 'follow after Charity,' in which all that is true and important and essential in opinion or doctrine or practice, meets and centres and abides. The exercises of *Love* constitute a sure basis of unity and 'bond of peace;' and if we covet any grace above the others, let it be always *Charity*, because it is 'the greatest,' the heavenliest, and the best.

'We shall thus obtain one common standard of religious doctrine, cut loose from an overweening attachment to particular members in the Christian system, and fall back upon a steady and warm devotion to the body of Christianity itself. Only let us 'put on Charity,' that crowning grace in Christian character, which, turning to the Word of God as a sure directory, 'hopeth all things, believeth all things, and rejoiceth' (not in the prevalency of peculiar notions of Christianity) 'but in the truth;' only let us yield to its sway and be guided by its will, and it will smooth the roughness of party animosity, and remove those distracting differences which run to excess of riot, and overcome those eddies of opinion which divide into schools and sects and parties 'the household of faith.'

'In giving free course to the exercise of this comprehensive grace, this Spirit of the Gospel and of its AUTHOR, we shall learn to look rather upon the full-face of Christianity than upon its shifting profile; to sink those minor questions which are not essential to religion, and which the action of the Christian life absorbs into itself; to think neither of PAUL nor of APOLLOS, but of the Gospel, which one may have planted and the other watered, but of which only *God* pours into the heart where Love abides and upon the life where Charity abounds, the blessed increase.

'While, on the one hand, we see '*Faith*' unduly magnified, and the graces and virtues of a holy life thrust comparatively into the back-ground, as 'if the body were all eye;' or while, on the other hand, we hear '*Good Works*' enforced, without the necessity of '*Faith*' being emphatically insisted on, as 'if the body were all ear;' let us side neither with the one nor with the other. In a separate view, each is wide of the mark: and disjunctively, both are wrong. They are the two scholastic extremes of the time, and like the poles of the earth, *always cold*. Let us turn away from each, to those tropical regions of the Gospel which are sunned by the genial influences of the 'Light of Light, and point to *Charity*, in which the two jarring notes of the age are melted and mingled, and flow together in harmony: in which *Faith* is the central principle, and a *good life* the standing evidence of our Christian state; and without which, in their joint abiding, whosoever wears the religious profession has only a name that he liveth, for he is spiritually dead. For true religion is 'the life of God in the soul.' It is not an abstract sentiment, but a practical, and abiding, and embodied principle, which he who lacks, lacks the very vital essence of Christianity — lacks what the framework of the human body lacks, when the indwelling soul is gone.

'If we thus appreciate the nature of Charity, and admit the fact of its practical abiding now, we cannot regard with indifference, nor in any way apologize for, the differences and divisions which so sear the present religious aspect, and so sadly retard the progress of the REDEEMER'S kingdom.

'Christianity, let us remember ever, is an indivisible unity. There is '*One*

*Faith*, even as there is *'One Lord.'* And we know the will of its AUTHOR, that all who profess it should be *one*. It is the manifest object of *Charity*, as it *'now abideth,'* to consolidate the Christian elements and to make us *one*. For this, it plies us with its gentle ministry, embracing every doctrine, receiving every truth, practising every virtue, and living and moving and rejoicing in the culture and growth and increase of every grace; *'adorning the doctrine of God the Saviour in all things;'* stamping the impress of its image upon every separate act of our religious life; softening the native hardness of the heart with its pervading presence, and infusing more and more of its heavenly spirit into ours; moulding into a Divine likeness the elements of our moral character, to hallow it with loveliness; and fulfilling the remainder of its mission, by *'endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.'*

In hearing, and now in reading and re-reading, this eloquent exposition of the words of PAUL, we are led to express a few thoughts in relation to the personal *example*, and the home-teachings of this great Apostle. From boyhood, from our very youngest rememberable years, we have treasured the lessons of this hard-working, devoted servant of God and the Gospel of his CHRIST. SYDNEY SMITH mentions his example as a great element of the *'Beautiful and the Sublime,'* in his lecture thus designated, and recently adverted to in this Magazine. You will scarcely think of it, it may be, in gorgeous churches, with vari-colored lights struggling through stained-glass windows, playing fitfully upon the rich oaken panels of your polished pews, and shimmering kaleidoscopically upon your scarlet or crimson gold-clasped prayer-books. For PAUL was a *worker*. He *wrought* for his MASTER, and for his MASTER's sake. Moreover, it has always seemed to us, that he was the most eloquent of all the APOSTLES. His were the *words* of God Himself, speaking through His servant: and more than any of his brothers in CHRIST, he seems to convince us of the truth of the irrefragable argument advanced in a recent work, heretofore noticed in these pages, upon *'The Plenary Inspiration of The Holy Scriptures.'* We have heretofore found that our thoughts not unfrequently find an abiding-place in the hearts of our readers: will they pardon us, therefore, while we pursue a brief train of reflection, somewhat foreign to our wont in this department of our work? We could wish that PAUL was more frequently preached from. He was self-devoted, unselfish, instant in season and out of season — *'always abounding in the work of the LORD.'* He was stoned; he was scourged with rods; he was shipwrecked — a night and a day he was in the deep: he was in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren: in watchings often — in cold and nakedness. But when he was bidding farewell to his brethren, being minded to go into Mesopotamia, he could say: *'And now I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there, save that the HOLY SPIRIT witnesseth, that in every city bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord JESUS, to testify the Gospel of the Grace of God. And now I know that ye all among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men: for I have not shun-*

ned to declare unto you *all* the counsel of God. Therefore, watch and remember, that by the space of three years, I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears. I have coveted no man's silver, nor gold, nor apparel: ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them which were with me: I have showed you *all* things, how that, so laboring, ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Did PAUL ever forget his mission? Never. What he was 'among the brethren,' the 'poor and of low estate,' he was in the Areopagus — on Mars Hill. 'On that revered summit, surrounded by the magnificence of Athens, and under the soft blue sky which looked down upon the scene with its smiling serenity, he delivered that memorable discourse, in which he showed the generous courtesy of the gentleman, the highest gifts of the orator, and the unshaken fidelity of the servant of CHRIST.' We are not without the suspicion that we may be obtruding, if not intruding, in these thoughts: if so, the sooner we pause the better.

'THE AGE: A COLLOQUIAL SATIRE.'—MR. 'FESTUS' BAILEY, who 'went up like a rocket, and came down like a stick,' has been writing a satirical poem, by way of revenge upon his conscientious and plain-spoken critics, which is receiving evident justice at the hands of certain of our London contemporaries. The '*Examiner*,' especially, has given a cool, sententious, but most cutting review of it, from which we take a few desultory passages:

'PART, at least, of SWIFT's counsel to the poet, MR. BAILEY has obeyed during the distillation of this satire from his finger's ends. There is little evidence in it of the care that will

'BLOT out, correct, insert, refine,  
Enlarge, diminish, interline;'

but no reader can fail to observe the pains taken in accordance with the other half of the Dean's formula,

Be mindful, when invention fails,  
To scratch your head and bite your nails.'

'The book contains about two hundred pages of bad rhymes, enunciating in the persons of three speakers, distinguished by no character from one another, a long series of unconnected common-places. As there are two sets of common-places, representing the world's two opinions on every subject, MR. BAILEY seems to rely for credit as an extraordinary man upon his adoption always of that formula which will secure to his intelligence the least respect from ordinary people. The satire, perhaps commendable on that account, is indeed all scratching and biting, but the punishment falls on the author's own head, and his nails. A thumb-nail, at least, must have been paid for this rhyme to conundrum:

'AND politics, more and more like a conundrum,  
Since the 'Great Britain' first stuck fast off Dundrum.'

'Having once compassed the idea of a geographical solution to the riddle of rhyme, MR. BAILEY was prepared to cut with it the knot of any fresh embarrassment:

'WAS heard the answer next of the First Minister,  
From Wick to Land's End (that's our English Finistere.)'

'Again, of a telegram it is written that



'If you dispatch it  
Eastward — from Exeter suppose to Datchet —  
Not time, not light, not horse patrol can catch it.'

'It is a remarkable fact that there is no place in the world rhyming to SHAKESPEARE. We assume the fact, because we find our author, when he comes to this word, extricating himself thus with pain out of his difficulty :

BUT what we learn from him the French call *Shakspère*,  
MILTON or any other learned *tax-payer*  
Of ancient times or modern, once impressed,  
Rules the broad empire of man's holy breast.'

'Could not something have been made out of 'takes beer,' as a rhyme to 'SHAKESPEARE,' in the same poem that pairs 'stagger us' with 'PYTHAGORAS,' and 'so pious' with 'EUTROPIUS' ?

'He declares monarchy to be the base, and not the apex of our social pile, denounces the press, and applauds LOUIS NAPOLEON's way of government.

'AND British wiseacres still gape with wonder,  
Why France, who's made so many a mortal blunder,  
Do n't choose again to rend herself asunder;  
How, without endless editorial gabble  
The Chambers to advise with club-house babble,  
A democratic empire can pursue  
A policy foreseeing, fixed and true;  
Or government can carry on its business,  
And its head show no fatal sign of dizziness;  
Most, how a system, so ill fortified,  
As but to have the people on its side,  
The army, and the clergy, does not fade  
Before a Q.C.'s scurrilous tirade;  
And traitors who on reason try to trade.'

BUT it is chiefly for their reflection upon books that 'filthy puddles of the press' offend our bard. Critics of literature, he tells us, delight in slaughter, and are full of bitterness. They consist mainly of disappointed authors, or of men who are no authors, but whom

'MERE malignity incites to say  
The falsest, vilest trash they can invent.'

'There are few surer signs of weakness in a writer than this desperate concern about his critics. Strength does its appointed work and is content; weakness alone makes half the work to consist in a turmoil about its place in men's opinions. Of Mr. BAILEY's defiance there is obviously the usual motive of the weak: '*Audento magnus tegitor timor*.' The fear would be unworthy of him were he as a poet that which he conceives himself to be.

'We have searched the volume with some care for a few specimens of liveliness, and can only produce with certainty one joke. That one we know to be a joke, because it is labelled by the author as 'amusive.' It is upon a deputy sub-editor:

'His eye was always turned on you intrusively —  
An air acquired, to speak of it amusively,  
By looking into millstones exclusively.'

'It may be — we make a bold suggestion — it may be that Mr. BAILEY's laboriously far-fetched rhymes are meant to be Hudibrastic and enlivening. This, also, perhaps, is the result of an effort to be lively:

'SONGS deal with feelings mainly. Oft, events  
The reader's judgment hints or supplements.  
The intimate connection 'tween our land  
And neighbor Europe, by electric band,  
Shows not upon the surface, understand.'

WE are not to honor the memory of the Duke of WELLINGTON,

'THOUGH printing presses praise with tons of trash,  
And law lords eulogize till all be blasb.'

'We shall not, if we are of one mind with Mr. BAILEY, admire Dr. LIVINGSTONE,

with his 'Biblical-Cottonian gammon;' shall not read Mr. DICKENS, or enjoy any success in a contemporary; but of bards we shall sing, that they have 'perceptive' minds, and that their lot is doubly hard.

'At best, behold a poor and pensioned bard!  
At worst; Oblivion folds him 'neath her wings,  
And night and chaos cheer him as he sings.'

'We shall be glad to think that the chaos of this satire cheered the author while he sang it. It is not often that a book so absolutely dull as this is written by a man of genius; a book of which our utmost commendation is that, in spite of many faults, it contains some passages which are almost up to the mark of common conversation among educated men.'

It may well be questioned whether Mr. PHILIP JAMES BAILEY has 'taken much by his motion' in giving to 'a gaping world,' *'The Age, a Colloquial Satire.'*

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ONE OF THE 'UNCOUNTED LESSONS OF LIFE.'—The manuscript of the following unpretending but *now* suggestive little sketch, was sent us ten years ago, accompanied by a note, still attached to it, assuring us, on the honor of the writer, that it was but the simple 'record of an event, and its contingent reflections, which occurred only the day before':

'TWENTY-ONE: in New-York: out of money.

'These three ideas monopolized my mind early on the morning of December 18, 184—.

'I was at the time engaged in teaching in Brooklyn. I lived in a little room in the New-York University. I had a shilling left.

'I had no fire: I could n't afford it: an odd old stove, which was in the room when I came, stood staring chillily at me out of its single isinglass eye, and seemed to shrink with the cold, close up to the wall against which it stood.

'I took down my cloak and wrapped myself up in it: went to my closet and took out a parcel of crackers. I lived on crackers: they are cheap. I put them on the table, took up CARLYLE's 'Heroes and Hero-worship,' and commenced to read and eat. At page 149 CARLYLE is speaking of the 'Hero as Man of Letters'—of SAMUEL JOHNSON. 'On the whole, one is weary of hearing of the omnipotence of money. I will say rather, that for a genuine man it is no evil to be poor: that there *ought* to be literary men poor, to show whether they be genuine or not.'

'So I swallowed a cracker, (they are very 'dry eating,') and commentated: 'According to Mr. CARLYLE, it is a fine thing to have holes in one's pantaloons, exclusive of those the tailor made so long ago. Yes; it must be that he means, among other things, that literary men should have 'solutions of continuity' in their garments, so that curious un-literary men may look in and see that he is not a mere bones, nor a simulacrum, nor an etherialization with a head. That so the un-literary may gladden the heart of the literary with a dinner-giving dollar, secure that the digestive apparatus intended to be benefited thereby actually exists.

'How many holes make a genuine man?

'Is Mr. CARLYLE himself genuine?

'I poked my finger through a hole, and satisfied myself that I was genuine.

'I ate crackers until the paralyzed salivary glands refused to moisten the pulverulent subject-matter, and thought of those thievish Hindoos who are detected by their vain endeavor to moisten rice flour in their wicked mouths.

'I put away CARLYLE, and went out to go to my school. The sun shone clear; but very cold were the icy ground and piercing wind. People went about like the smoking lamps which the patriarch dreamed of in old time: the simple-minded man with his mouth wide open, pouring forth curling, graceful volumes of lung-steam; the business man, the tight-minded and sly, with mouth close shut, and two swift squirts of steam darting forth ever and anon from either nostril. Warm men hurried on with heads up and confident step. Cold men shambled along with that *spreadedness* of arms peculiar to them, and to persons who have fallen into the water.

'I went to school and taught — and came back. I could not ask to be paid in advance: I knew that my Principal was a genuine man. I came up Broadway, borne up on the tide of life which rushes every day along the outer edge of the western side-walk. Beautiful women, handsome men, busy tradesmen, well-dressed *Adneurs*; and every one of them looked as if he had at least five dollars, beside small change, in his pocket. I began to be bitterly angry. Why was not *I* in such a case? Why should not youth and health *bring* wealth with them? Can I not use and enjoy this miserable money better than nine-tenths of all these that have enough to spare? It almost choked me to think that my poverty should shut me out from all those happy faces and merry hearts. I think I must have looked as 'ugly' as I felt; for I saw a most startled and surprised expression on the face of a fair young girl, whose eye I caught as I went scowling and grumbling along.

'I had an old silver seal, which had belonged to my grand-father. I stopped at a jeweller's in Broadway, a Frenchman's — one G —: I offered to sell him the trinket. He shook his head, looked sour, and pointed to the door, in a way peculiar to dissatisfied Frenchmen. I enunciated a very general curse upon all of his nation, and left his shop, making to myself various revengeful and disparaging remarks upon himself and his compatriots.

'I stopped at a baker's in Greene-street, and bought one pound of crackers. It was the last money I had that bought them. I trembled with inward shame and rage, as I tossed the money on the counter; for I saw the two shop-girls giggle and wink to one another. They evidently understood the case. And they were fair, pleasant-looking girls too. I was astonished as well as enraged that they should laugh.

'A well-dressed young woman stood at the counter eating pie, or some such confection. I did not envy her the dainty; but that she could *afford* it. And I liked her: I thought that she did not laugh. I cast a savage look upon the two giggling girls, which made them smooth their faces suddenly, and left the shop. But I resolved that at some future time, when I should have more money, I would go thither and devour pie and cake until I could eat no more, and buy a vast quantity of crackers, just to show them that I was not *poor*, and to give them withal a 'blessing' for that heartless, unseasonable laughter of theirs.

'I returned to my cheerful den of a room: I sat down and gazed at the old staring stove, and ate crackers again. I sat very long, boiling inwardly with rage and mortification. 'See,' said I to myself, 'what I have come to. I, that have been so delicately nurtured, have undertaken, in independence and nobility

of soul, to earn an honest livelihood for myself, and this is the bitter end! I am laughed at by two fools of shop-girls as I spend my last cent for a meal that a beggar would scarcely relish. I wish they had been men, that I might have insulted them for their laughter! That is the portion of the poor in this God's world — devil's world: nothing commands respect, that is not well dressed, and does not eat pie. If I had called for a piece of pie instead of crackers, I should not have been laughed at.' In such wise I sat until late in the evening, communing with the bitterness of my spirit.'

WE have said that the foregoing, although a very simple, was yet a 'suggestive little sketch.' Let us explain *why* it is so: the writer is not only now able to buy 'crackers,' but the establishments of the wealthiest of those who make them — including 'pies-an'-things,' of all sorts and descriptions. And the *lesson* implied in all this, is that which we desire every struggling reader of ours especially to bear in mind. We do not say, '*Labor omnia vincit*;' for this is no more uniformly true than that the race is always to the swift, or the battle to the strong, or favor to men of skill: 'but a 'good heart' and perseverance *are* winners, in nine cases out of ten.

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GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—The subjoined *Anecdotes of Thomas Chittenden, First Governor of Vermont*, we derive from an esteemed friend, one of the most distinguished of the sons of the unswervingly-patriotic 'Green Mountain State': 'During the time of Governor CHITTENDEN's administration, the manners of the people were plain and simple; and very little time or expense was devoted to the mere forms of social intercourse. The Governor was an extensive land-holder and cultivator of his own broad acres. He did not disdain to labor with his own hands, and to perform any office, however menial, which was either necessary or useful. On one occasion the Governor's friends from Albany, where much of ancient and formal baronial dignity was still maintained, came to dine with him; and to their great amazement, and horror almost, the Governor's lady, just before the dinner-hour, stepped to the door, with a tin horn, or trumpet, and blew a blast which made the distant hills reverberate with repeated echoes. On a sudden appeared a considerable force of field-laborers, who, when cleanly washed and tidily clad, occupied one end of the same table at which the Governor and his guests were entertained. After dinner, some of the lady-guests took it upon them, in a mild and courtly way, to admonish the hostess of the impropriety of such promiscuous intercourse with men of daily toil. The good lady was on the alert, and when inquired of by her more aristocratic guests if it was their general custom to dine with their laborers at the same table? 'Yes,' said she, 'we always have: but I have told the Governor that it was n't right that we who sat in the house and did nothing, should eat at the first table with the hands who labored hard all day. And I feel that it is not right; but we always have.' It is needless to add that the discourse was not pursued.' — 'On another occasion, when some one from a distance called upon the Governor upon business, or ceremony,

and finding a man at the door of the mansion in ordinary working dress, he inquired if the Governor was at home? Being answered in the affirmative, he asked him to hold his horse by the bridle while he saw the Governor a moment. To this the man very readily acceded. The stranger entered the mansion; was shown to the lady of the house; and in a very formal way inquired for His Excellency. She said he was at the door. 'I did not see him,' was the reply. She stepped to the window, and added: 'There he is, holding your horse.' Numerous well-authenticated anecdotes of this character show at once the very great simplicity of the Governor's mode of life, and his love of fun, in creating playful surprises for his friends.' - - - Nor a few of our readers, certainly none who appreciate aright the great spirit and exalted genius of the most distinguished poet-artist of America, will fail to be interested in the perusal of the following '*Reminiscence of the Burial of Washington Allston*.'

'THE burial of WASHINGTON ALLSTON was a singularly impressive and solemn scene, and such as is but seldom witnessed. Every circumstance connected with it seemed unusually felicitous and appropriate. The place was our old village church-yard, in the midst of the scenes of the artist's youthful studies, close under the shadow of the venerable buildings of the University where he had dwelt in early life, and which contained the pictures that had first awakened in him the love of his divine art, and the books that had nourished and strengthened his early aspirations.

'I was starting to take my evening walk, and passed the ancient church-yard, the same guarded on one side by the modest tower of the venerable church, and on the other by the more pretending and lofty spire of Gothic times, that our native poet, 'the HOLMES of Cambridge,' alludes to in the lines:

'LIFE sentinel and nun they keep  
Their vigil on the green.'

I saw the gates opened to receive a new inmate, and recollecting that this was about the hour at which the great artist was to be buried, I walked in, and seating myself on one of the quaintly-carved old tomb-stones, awaited the coming of the sad procession. For some reason, the funeral services had been long delayed, and it was now dark. Heavy clouds covered the face of the sky, and hurrying across it, showed glimpses of the moon only at distant intervals. The air was chilly, but pleasant, (for it was June, I think,) and the place and the occasion were well adapted to awaken serious meditation. I walked round among the graves of buried men of old times, who had spent their lives in the service of the University — old Presidents, professors, and tutors who had faithfully done their great work, and been turned long ago to dust, their learning and virtues perpetuated in most choice Latin on the broad, flat stones above their heads. It seemed a fit place in which to lay the remains of the great man who had just passed away so calmly and peacefully in this scene of early trial and discipline, and by the side of those by whom his youthful feet had been guided. But a few steps from the church and from the bustling road, the family tomb was opened to receive him.

'While I was dreamily meditating on all these things, the procession came slowly through the open gates, and moved toward the tomb, where the bier was let down upon the grass. Two clergymen, in their robes, then read from the solemn burial-service of the Church of England, by the dim light of the sexton's

lantern. Around were gathered, in melancholy silence, the artist's dearest friends — the wife of his bosom, a few of the friends and companions of his youth, the admirers of his genius and virtues, the friends who had loved for years, to visit him in his home, and listen to the words of eloquence and beauty that dropped, sweeter than honey, from his lips, and who felt that now their dearest friend was taken from them. At length the solemn words, 'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes,' were pronounced, and the body was borne in deep silence into the tomb, and all was darkness, save a red light glimmering at a distance among the graves. Then slowly the group of mourners departed, and the church-yard was deserted, except by a few curious and reverent spectators who waited, like myself, to see the end. The coffin was taken again from the tomb and laid upon the grass, and the lid removed, that the leaden cover within might be fitted and fastened in its place. The moon, at this moment, came out bright and clear, and shone full on the calm, upturned face of the dead. The few witnesses to this solemn sight were struck with awe, and even the rude plumbers paused in reverence before they proceeded to their work.

'There lay the great artist in the sleep of death; his long, curling, silver hair was parted on his pale brow, and his hand was laid upon his great heart. That mighty hand which had but just rested from its last touches on the majestic figure of the Babylonian Queen, lay cold upon his breast. He had thought to rest for the night, and God had called him into His everlasting rest.

'Never did even the genius that once dwelt in that motionless form conceive a picture more solemn than was composed by that little group in the ancient church-yard, under the shadow of the spire. After a reverent pause, the leaden cover of the coffin was soldered in its place, the coffin returned to the tomb, the stone laid upon its mouth, and the earth heaped over it. The church-yard gates were closed, and all departed. I remained some time after all had gone, deeply moved by what I had seen, and at last, following the narrow path among the graves by which the little children pass to the village school, I went out again into the busy street.'

Is not this a graphic picture? - - - 'T. G. S.' sends us the following, and vouches for its truth: 'Lying is held in all Christian countries to be one of the lowest and most degrading of vices; but there is now and then a man who, the by constant practice in some particular line of mendacity, becomes so expert as rather to excite the admiration of his acquaintance for his ingenuity and address. Of this stamp is a personage well known to the people about the head of Lake Champlain, and to all travellers who ever had occasion to go over the old stage-route from Whitehall to Saratoga. He was for many years the agent for that most execrable line of stages, and had every quality for his office. He was industrious, wide-awake, and faithful to the interests of his employers, with no other vice but that of lying—a useful gift on that route—which by high cultivation, he had made one of 'the fine arts.' Every traveller who ever saw him will remember him and his broken promises. It chanced, some three or four years ago, that the conversation which engrossed the tongues of a knot of gentlemen in the bar-room of the St. Charles Hotel, New-Orleans, was about Liars. At length a gentleman from Northern New-York said he would wager 'the 'fluids' all round that he could name the most unblushing and ingenious liar in America.' 'Done!' exclaimed a Southerner: 'whom do you name?' 'I name A. R——, stage-agent of White-



hall, New-York,' said the Northerner. 'The deuce you do!' cried the astonished Southron: it's no bet: *you've got my man!*' - - - 'No, Mr. *Bachelor B*——,' we can't admit the praise of *your* 'class of the community,' as a set-off to the encomiums bestowed upon '*Old Maids*' in our last number. There is as much difference between the two examples cited, as there is between the bark of a tree and the bark of a dog. There is a much better-enforced truth in the ensuing 'picture in little' of a bachelor 'at quarters':

'RETURNING home at close of day,  
Who gently chides my long delay,  
And by my side delights to stay?  
Nobody.

'Who sets for me the easy-chair,  
Sets out the room with neatest care,  
And lays my slippers ready there?  
Nobody.

'Who regulates the cheerful fire,  
And piles the blazing fuel higher,  
And bids me draw my chair still higher?  
Nobody.

'When sickness racks my feeble frame,  
And grief distracts my fevered brain,  
Who sympathizes with my pain?  
Nobody.'

'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true!' - - - THERE is a touch of genuine satire in the ensuing passage from a '*Fourth-of-July-Excursion*,' sent to us 'when time was,' and now first published, which will not escape the attention of the reflective reader:

'WHEN about six years old, I was sent three or four miles into the country, for the benefit of my health, which had been slender from my infancy. After having remained as long as was thought advisable, my mother sent for me again, and the good folks with whom I had been residing confided me to the hands of a stage-driver, whose vehicle passed the house, and who promised to take care of me. His 'care' consisted in thrusting me into a crowded stage, and shutting the door upon me without ceremony, where I stood in the bottom, looking round upon its inmates. It has been said too often to be repeated here, that there is something in a benevolent face that instantly attracts the attention of a child. He loves it instinctively from the first glance. Such a face I now gazed upon. It belonged to a portly gentleman in a pepper-and-salt suit, who occupied one of the middle seats. He was conversing earnestly with a personage in green spectacles, who, I learned from the conversation, was the author of a little book then just published, and called the '*Parents' Guide: by one who Loves Little Children.*'

'If I have a weakness,' said the author, continuing the conversation; 'if I have a weakness, it is my love for little children.' 'Weakness!' exclaimed the gentleman with the benevolent countenance; 'call it not a weakness! A tender, judicious regard for helpless childhood is one of the strongest, the manliest of virtues. There is something in my eyes so holy in unsophisticated——'

'At this instant, the stage making a lurch, I was thrown off my feet, and pitched head-foremost into the stomach of the 'benevolent' gentleman. He uttered an 'intensive,' called me somebody's 'brat,' and then seizing me by the arm, flung me from him. As I staggered about, I stood on the corns of the gentleman who 'loved little children.' He in turn became enraged, and lifting

his leg suddenly and vigorously, tossed me upon the tender sympathy of his neighbor again. I began to fear that I had fallen among the Philistines, and to wonder whether this might be called 'judicious' treatment or not, when a kind old lady, who sat on a back-seat, offered to take the 'little dear' on her knee. I gratefully accepted the proposal, and clambering over the middle-seat, in which I was materially assisted by the elbow of the benevolent gentleman, I was soon placed comfortably in her lap, as I supposed.

'Now this lady happened to have one of those capacious pockets once worn by our grand-mothers, and which have been not inaptly called, by a distinguished American statesman, the 'receptacles of things lost upon earth.' I once partially emptied one of these belonging to an old aunt. In it were cork-screws, knives, snuff, gimblets, spools of wood and brass, thimbles of steel and silver, dried apples, darning-needles, yarn, two dough-nuts as hard as a brickbat, a dream-book, etc., etc. I do n't know how long a catalogue I could have made, for my aunt, coming in before I had got half through, vetoed all further removal of the deposits. What my kind hostess had in hers, I know not. There appeared to be many things, and as it lay directly across her knee, of course I was seated on it. That needles were there, I am well convinced, for at every jolt of the stage I felt the whole length of one. For four long, long miles I suffered in this way. Occasionally I endeavored to get rid of the evil by shifting my position; but that I found only served to move the point of attack to a fresh part. I was too proud to speak or cry out, for I felt that I had already occasioned my share of interruption to the passengers. Several times, however as the iron seemed to enter deeper than ever, I turned upon the good lady a face as I supposed, of unutterable agony; but she must have mistaken its expression, for she answered it only with a nod, and a smile of such good-natured benevolence, that it completely subdued all resentment I might feel for the torture I was enduring. We read of the agony caused by a 'pricking conscience.' If it in any wise resembles the agony caused by that pricking in my trowsers, I most sincerely commiserate the owner of such a conscience. But we have already arrived at 'Oak Grove.'

'This spot I found to be perfectly familiar to me, for it had once been a favorite resort, though it then went by another and less fashionable name. It was on one of the high banks of the river, which here swept along with greater force than at any other point, as has been already mentioned. A semi-circle of thick wood, composed of noble oaks, surrounded the area, which was completely shaded from the sun by an awning of canvas. About a quarter of a mile below were the Falls.

'We had arrived late, and the company had already sat down to the principal collation of the day. Every one was too busy then for me to recognize old friends, or to seek an introduction to new ones: so leaving that business to the chances of the day, at last, to my infinite relief, the stage stopped, and the old lady got out. Turning round, she kissed me on both cheeks: said I was a nice, quiet boy: hoped my mother had many more like me; and then bade me good-by. I in turn tried to thank her for the misery I had endured; but the words stuck in my throat, and if I had died for it, I could n't have said 'Amen!' I have been shy of such seats ever since.'

'And with good reason.' - - - 'HAVE we yet struck the 'Ridge-Road?' asked 'OLLAPOD,' on his first trip to Niagara, in a stage-coach, as it was passing through the western region of our noblest State. 'Oh! yes indeedy,' answered a voluble old maid, who had ambushed him into a conversation: '*that*

were the Ridge-Road, which we had stricken upon the hill, o'er which the driver have just riz.' We think of this, not unfrequently, in running over the multitudinous 'poems' which are sent us for insertion in the KNICKERBOCKER. And we here beg leave to say, as a sort of precaution to our rhyming correspondents, that when we find words abbreviated, such as 'neath' for beneath, and its kindred ellipticals, it evinces such poverty of language, such mere pen-and-ink work, that it 'gives us pause,' and with it the go-by to the effusion itself. Pick us out some few scores of these ellipses, in BRYANT, LONGFELLOW, HALLECK, HOLMES, or WHITTIER, please. The first, sometimes, to illustrate the perfect smoothness of his verse, will give you perhaps a foot too much: as in the line,

'Gentle and voluble Spirit of the Air!'

but, like a faint sound that actually deepens the sense of silence, it is all the more felicitous. Pray 'think on these things.' Such is not the language of nature — certainly not of taste. A snobbling or snoblesse talks to you of 'a gent,' or of his 'pants,' and you are shocked; look that you be also shocked at all curtailed words, compressed into 'feet' of less than Chinese dimensions. We prefer ('in a horn' of a dilemma) the lengthening out of a word by accented letters: or a prolongation like that mentioned by FANNY KEMBLE, of a Yankee singing-leader who had commenced a long-metre tune to a short-metre psalm, in which the name of JACOB required splicing, as follows:

'Ja-ee-a, fol de riddle cob.'

Let us entreat our correspondents to 'reform this altogether.' It is a sure sign, not only of a total lack of genius, but of good manipular taste. - - - MANY a bereaved parent's heart will mournfully respond to these tender and touching lines from the *'Providence Daily Journal'*:

'WHEN the baby died, we said,  
With a sudden, secret dread,  
'Death, be merciful, and pass:  
Leave the other;' but, alas!

'While we watched, he waited there,  
One foot on the golden stair,  
One hand beckoning at the gate,  
Till the home was desolate.

'Friends say, 'It is better so,  
Clothed in innocence to go:'  
Say, to ease the parting pain,  
That 'Your loss is but their gain.'

'Ah! the parents think of this!  
But remember more the kiss;  
From the little rose-red lips,  
And the print of finger-tips

'Left upon a broken toy,  
Will remind them how the boy  
And his sister charmed the days  
With their pretty winsome ways.

'Only Time can give relief  
To the weary, lonesome grief:  
God's sweet minister of pain  
Then shall sing of loss and gain.'

Mothers will feel this! - - - THE last number of BLACKWOOD'S Magazine

(the last, as we write) contains a scathing paper upon JOHN RUSKIN, whose own 'works of art' are in ludicrous contrast with his pretensions and transcendental criticisms upon the artistical performances of others. We know just such artist-'critics' in this country; and literary critics, too, of the same stamp; who, without producing, and without the ability to produce, any worthy thing themselves, have yet 'illustrated' (save the mark!) eminent authors to such a degree, that they almost fancy *themselves* the great writers whom they so adscititiously praise, and of whose 'good works' they have no more thorough appreciation, than three-fourths of the readers whom they may chance to have secured for their pen-and-ink exertations. We are promised an article upon this latter class, quite *apropos* to the one we have mentioned, and from which we now proceed to select a few brief passages. Observe that *Mr. Dusky's Opinions on Art*, in this connection, are delivered after a hurried visit to the Royal Academy Exhibition:

'THE first thing that strikes me in the work of the present year is, that though all other seasons and times of the day are reproduced in landscape, (except the pitch dark of a winter's night, which it would be difficult for any one, in the present state of art, to place satisfactorily on canvas,) yet that particular state of the atmosphere which exists in the month of August, from about five minutes before two to about twenty minutes after, when the sun's sultry and lavish splendor is tinged with some foreboding of his decline, and when nature is, as it were, taking her siesta, is no where sought to be conveyed. I thought, on first looking at a small picture in the east room of the Academy, that this *hiatus* had been filled up; but, on farther study, I perceived that the picture in question had been painted rather earlier, (about five-and-twenty minutes before two is the time I should assign to it,) and is therefore deficient in many of the chief characteristics of the remarkable period I allude to. How comes it, too, that, amid all the rendering of grass and flowers, there is not a single dandelion—a flower which has often given to me, no less than to WORDSWORTH, 'thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears;' nor a group of toadstools, which can give interest to a fore-ground else bald and barren; nor among the minute studies of insects, a daddy-longlegs, swaying delightfully across the path, and dancing to inaudible music, as the mid-day zephyr waves the slender fabrics of his gossamer home? I am surprised, too, to find (so far as my survey has enabled me to note) that there are nowhere any frogs, though every artist who painted out-of-doors in the first warm days of spring, must have heard their choral music from the neighboring ditches. The old heralds, speaking of the manner of the frog's holding his head, talk of the pride and dignity, or, as they phrase it, 'the 'lording' of frogs, and gave them a place in heraldry; and their ideas are generally valuable to artists, and worth studying, both for their literal exactness and their allegorical significance. Let us have some frogs next year.

'NUMBER EIGHTEEN: 'A Man washing his Hands: (J. PRIG.)—A step in the right direction. The painting of the nail-brush, showing where friction has worn away and channelled the bristles in the middle, is especially good. But how comes it that, the nail-brush having been evidently made use of, the water in the basin is still pellucid, with no soap apparent, either superficially or in solution? This over-sight I should not have expected in so clever an artist. Even granting clearness to the water, the pattern of the bottom of the basin visible through it is of a different character from the exterior of the vessel, which is not the case in any specimen of that particular delf which has come under my notice.

'NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR: This is directly imitative both of TITIAN and GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, with SMITH's handling, and a good deal of BROWN's manner.

'NUMBER TWENTY-NINE: As I told this artist last year, he is deficient in fulness of form and looseness of texture. He should, therefore, for some years, paint nothing but mops of various colors, (without the handles,) which would give him wooliness and rotundity. On the other hand, the painter of 'Number Thirty-two' has too much of these qualities, with too little firmness in his darks; and I should recommend him, as a counteracting influence, to study only blocks of coal—not the common coal, which is too dull, but the kennel or candle coal—a perseverance in which practice he will find attended by the happiest results.

'THE NATIVITY: This is nearly perfect. The infant, which at first appears to be wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat, is distinguished by a peculiar halo, in which there is no trace of servile imitation of those absurd pretenders known as the old

masters. Thoughtless and superficial observers have objected to the angel holding the lantern, as an office inconsistent with the dignity of the angelic nature; saying, too, that the act has some officiousness, since the lantern might have been placed on the ground or hung on a nail. For my own part, I consider the idea eminently happy; and if one of the other angels had been represented as snuffing the candle with her fingers, my admiration would have been complete.

'NUMBER FORTY: The sky is weak and heavy, the distance too hazy, the middle distance absurd, and the foreground like a cart-load of bricks ready for use. However, on the whole, I consider this the leading picture of the year.'

Open to objection, perhaps, on the score of strong censure; but the censure, it will be perceived, is admirably discriminated: and after all, is n't this better than the owl-like wisdom with which not a few of our modern literary 'critics' applaud works which are known and beloved of all, as if *they* themselves were the demonstrators, if not the discoverers. - - - The following is a transfer, as our 'memory serves,' of a story told us by a metropolitan friend the other day: but our readers must bear *one* thing in mind, and that is, that it is as impossible to give the 'intoned' version of 'our informant,' as it was for *him* to repeat the nasal twang and indescribable manner of his clerico-artistic exemplar: 'During a short-sojourn recently, in the 'modern Athens,' said our friend, 'I visited, as every stranger in Boston should do, the photographic rooms of Mr. S. MASURY. While looking at the 'counterfeit presentments' of some of the most noted of Boston celebrities, with which the rooms do much abound, there came in a queer-looking personage, bearing under one arm a roll of paper. A comical dog he was—a sort of mixture: a cross, apparently, between a Vermont horse-jockey and a Methodist parson. His speech was a most attenuated drawl, with the camp-meeting style of ending. Seating himself, and depositing on the floor beside him a seedy-looking hat, he eyed the company present with a curious and deliberate stare. After some minutes he fixed his gaze on Mr. MASURY, the proprietor, and approached him, unrolling as he advanced the paper bundle. His story I will give you in his own words, only regretting that I cannot convey the tone and style: 'If the proprietor is disengaged, I'd like to speak with him a few minits. I have for sale tew picters, but before I show yeõu the picters, I'd like to tell yeõu who I a-am. My name is DE FOREST: I'm a minister of the Gospel, *ewe-séd* up for the past-rage, n' account o' deafeness. The picters I got to show yeõu are tew—the 'Lord's Pra-i-r-e,' and 'Go-and-Sin-n'-More.' Around the border you'll see ten an-gels, each one on 'em is givin' utterance to one of the ten commandments: also a bee-hive, which is the emblem of industree. Lest any gentleman should be disposed to deõubt the truth of what I'm tellin', I'll show yeõu my *cre*-dentials. (Here Mr. DE FOREST produced from his pocket a greasy memorandum-book and continued.) These *cre*-dentials air from some of the first men in ower kentree: read across both pages, if you please: many of those names are no deõubt familiar to yeõu: they all paternized me during my stay in Washington. One gentleman, who has ten children, took ten copies of the 'Lord's Praire,' and said he was sorry he had n't ten more children, that he might give each one o' *them* a copee. Governor FLORD, of Virginee, he took three copes of 'Go-and-Sin-n'-More,' and would ev taken a copy of the 'Lord's Praire,' but he had n't no place to put it. This pictur, 'Go-and-Sin-n'-More,' you'll perhaps reecollect the circumstances on: when the Scribes and Pharisees brought before our SAVIOUR the woman taken in the *act* of adultree: these were the same

party that made broad their philactrees; you'll see the philactrees on the crowns o' their hats. I say, when they brought the woman, they said in MEÏSES' time such would be stoned — what say'st thou? (*aside*) — this they said, tempting him. Our SAVIOUR stooped down and wrote on the greound, making bleeve HE did n't hear 'em, and pretty soon they all sneaked edut. Then HE looked up at the woman and said, 'Who hath condem'd thee?' 'No one, LORD.' 'Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin n' more.' The principal figer in this plate is our SAVIOUR, a very correct likeness from an oreiginal dauguerre-e-o-type, neöw in the possession of the family. We charge you tew dollars for the picter, and charge nothing for the key. Won't any gentleman take a copee? Won't you say you'll take a copee? I stopped into a milliner's-shop deöwn here a-piece, and every young lady took a copee of the 'LORD's Praire,' and they all said they'd like 'Go-and-Sin-n'-More,' but they could n't afford tew, the times was so hard. Tew dollars for the picter and nothing for the key. I come very nigh selling Mr. BUCHANAN a 'Go-and-Sin-n'-More,' but he concludèd to wait till after his term was out, and he'd retired into private life. If no gentleman wants a copee I'll be going. Good bye, gentlemen: I hope by the time I come areöund again you'll all be ready to take a copee of 'Go-and-Sin-n'-More.' And hereupon Mr. DE FOREST departed, with his bundle. A few suggestions, 'in this connection:' The 'deefeness' claimed by our artist-divine as an excuse for leaving the ministry, could hardly have been valid for his congregation deserting *him*, if we may infer what sort of ministrations his must have been: but *he* might have been as 'deefe' as a post, it seems to us, without greatly affecting his preaching. We are sorry to find that Governor FLOYD had 'no place for the LORD's Prayer' among his 'Go-and-Sin-no-Mores': sorry that the poor sewing-girls had to decline the latter, because times were so hard; (a terrible satire, too truly 'founded,' we fear :) and very sorry that our worthy 'PRESIDENT' should have found it necessary to make such a 'plea in bar' of such a purchase as was tendered him. But Mr. DE FOREST will be areöund again. - - - WHEN our long-time correspondent, Mr. JOHN G. SAXE, was 'out West' last winter, delivering his poem entitled '*Yankee Land*,' the writer of the ensuing lines ('S. B. G.') was requested to introduce him to an audience at Terre Haute, Indiana, which he did, we think our readers will admit, in a manner almost equal to that of his subject:

'Good people, we are met to-night,  
Not to behold some raree sight,  
To gaze on elephant or bear,  
Though sure enough a lion's here;  
Who is, and all the world doth know it,  
A genuine live Yankee poet.

'He comes with rich and racy rhyming,  
With sparkling wit and wisdom chiming,  
To tell us of the Yankee nation,  
Whose fame extends o'er all creation:  
How JONATHAN at home is bred;  
How, ere he leaves the parent-shed,  
He visits, in pursuit of knowledge,  
The country-school — the farmer's college;  
Of pennies how he never lost one,  
Except when he 'went down to Boston,'  
When lack of dinner turned his head,  
And — smack they went — for ginger-bread.  
And how he plods through weary miles  
In quest of fickle Fortune's smiles;



Hires out to work, by month or day,  
 At chopping wood, or making hay ;  
 And while the farmer's grass he's mowing,  
 To kill two birds, his daughter's wooing :  
 And how, when CURRY's blunted dart  
 Rebounding from the fair one's heart,  
 How, when she frowns, with sorrow smitten,  
 He meekly takes the proffered mitten ;  
 But knowing no such word as 'fail,'  
 When evening spreads her dusky veil,  
 Beneath the woodbine's clustering shade  
 He plies anew the blushing maid :  
 She yields, and oh ! supernal bliss !  
 He seals the contract with a kiss ;  
 Says to the 'Squire: 'I've got a notion,  
 If you'll set off your daughter's portion,  
 To add my wages to the pelf,  
 And go to keepin' house myself.'

'HOW JONATHAN, with patient toil,  
 Gleans fullness from his sterile soil ;  
 Digs granite from New-England hills,  
 To build her towers and cotton-mills ;  
 Or from the land that gave him birth  
 He wanders o'er this little earth ;  
 Explores the sea with venturous sail ;  
 In the Pacific strikes the whale ;  
 From China brings the fragrant tea,  
 Gunpowder, Souchong, and Bohea ;  
 Sets up a tavern at Matanzas,  
 Or plants a colony in Kansas ;  
 On some grand speculation bent  
 He counts his profits 'cent per cent,'  
 Subscribes to schemes of education  
 To bless the rising generation ;  
 Or to the Missionary Board  
 Gives freely of his prudent hoard,  
 And sends the Gospel's joyful sound,  
 To gladden earth's remotest bound.

'Where'er he goes, where'er he stays,  
 As up and down the world he strays,  
 'New-England' still attracts his soul,  
 As turns the needle to the pole :  
 Her glory's his undying theme,  
 And when you see his visage gleam,  
 Be sure he's thought of Bunker Hill,  
 Or patented a new-born mill.

'And where thy sons with lore profound,  
 Their trophies reap on classic ground ;  
 Where pious Faith her altar rears,  
 Where Justice stern her poniard bears,  
 Or where thy counsels guide the State,  
 There, there, New-England, thou art great !

'But yield, my muse, thy humble flight  
 To one who scales the starry height,  
 As taper-flame, with feeble ray,  
 Pales in the light of rising day ;  
 And while her bard with graphic story  
 Delineates New-England's glory,  
 Himself shall prove her higher claim  
 To record on the scroll of fame.  
 In one high niche among her great,  
 Which doth its coming tenant wait,  
 Amid the honored of her land,  
 New-England's bard, her SAXE, shall stand.

My task is done, and nothing lacks  
 But to present you JOHN G. SAXE.'

An admirable introduction! - - - WE had, some months ago, a little critical affray with a celebrated German Biblical commentator, and also with the author of the 'Coast Survey' of this Republic. Our 'views' were attacked by a sectarian religious weekly print of Boston: and had not the '*Traveller*' daily journal of that city generously come to the defence of those views, we should perhaps have been accused, even to this day, of venturing comments upon subjects whereof we were 'mainly ignorant.' The reception given to the before-mentioned 'views,' makes it an almost ungrateful task to enter upon any matter of a 'deep' scientific nature. Now, through a habitual perusal of the '*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*,' (of which our friend and correspondent, Dr. W. W. MORLAND, is one of the 'dual' editors,) in which medical and surgical 'hard cases' of rare interest are often reported, we have come to regard ourselves as in some degree qualified to offer 'suggestions,' if not prepared to tender precise 'professional advice.' The last number in August is a rich one, what with its original communications, and its editorial and medical intelligence. We reserve our comments upon the first paper, until we can give an autopsy of the 'subject,' which he bids fair soon to become, if the diagnosis (a 'curtailed abbreviation, compressing all the particulars') is correctly stated. The disease was *Διαβήτης Μελλετος*, of a most aggravated type. The subjoined segregated symptomatic 'items' will furnish such specific information in relation to the case, as will enable our readers to judge of its character with a reliance as entire as our own:

'THOS. WELBY, ætat. 38 years: married — Irish — shoe-maker — intemperate: admitted 28th Aug.: reported himself sick three years: was in hospital County Galway, Ireland. *State*: skin dry; heart-sounds normal: a little deaf in both ears. No affection of *external ears*: ('*Ear Ear!*') Expecterated *rumulated* sputa: clear percussion over 'both backs and fronts': resonant voice between scapulæ, with crackling: sat down on the bed: raised first, right hand — then both together: legs stretched out stiff: mouth wide open. Right eye shut — *left eye wide open*: could put out his tongue — *did*: *purulent* sputa: mouth drawn to right side: does n't answer — does n't appear to see: replies when spoken to, *but gives same answer to every question*: seems as if half-drunk, and probably is.'

Here follows a '*Table of P'int*s' connected with the case, including the 'five p'ints,' and embracing in the aggregate three hundred and ninety-eight p'ints! We have condensed the *prominent* facts, on different days, into one connected syllabus, for the benefit of our medical readers. We shall offer no comments upon the treatment of this case, until we see whether the patient survives it. We *have* an opinion, of course, and a very decided one; but we wish first to ascertain whether it is in the angle of coincidence with that of our readers. When *this* is ascertained, we shall 'make a note of it.' We began to read the foregoing to our country neighbor and friend, Dr. LONG, a moment ago, when he interrupted us with: 'Oh! that's an ordinary case:' but before we had concluded, he admitted it was 'an *extraor'nary* case.' - - - SOME wag has sent us a '*Prospectus of the Atlantic Cable of Science and Literature: a Journal of the Time-o'-Day*.' The burlesque upon modern new newspaperial promises is very rich, but something too elaborate and extended. 'BILLY BOWLES, Esq., will have the entire charge of the aboriginal depart



tion! Infractors of the colonial laws abound: and to what lone isle in the midst of the sea shall they be sent, to atone for offences against person and property, is the pregnant and exciting question. Gigantic swindlers at 'ome, (blaasted muffs, ye-kno,) now resident capitalists at Sydney and Melbourne, are agitating this vital matter. The eyes of the world are upon them, and also upon the said world's pockets. - - - You sometimes remark, do you not, reader, as you walk along the great business thoroughfares of this our beloved metropolis, signs indicating that '*Artists' Materials*' are to be found within? Now do you know how much that term embraces? If you say 'No,' then we ask you to step in at Number One Hundred and Eleven Fulton-street, and glance over the stock in the beautiful store of Messrs. MASURY AND WHITON, probably the largest dealers in this branch of constantly-increasing trade in the United States. It is a general dépôt of Artists' Materials, for the trade, of any and every conceivable description. The very *number* astonishes us. The index alone, of the handsome catalogue, now before us, enumerates some three hundred and seventy articles, engraved representations of many of which (if at all instrumental) are also given. White lead and zinc paints, colors, and brushes; materials for house, ship, and sign-painting; for painting in oil-colors — brushes, palettes, palette-knives, easels, chairs, *tents*, boxes, etc.: materials for Daguerreotypists, lithographers, *et id genus omne*: including a 'constant and full supply' of WINSOR AND NEWTON's celebrated oil and water-colors, canvases, moist water-colors, in tubes and pans, mill-boards, etc. Of a verity, 'the name is legion' of these and kindred 'tools and things.' But there is *one* admirable thing, which is not even mentioned in the catalogue we have been considering: the most beautiful, the most various, and the most interesting invention of modern times: we mean the *Stereoscope*. For a twelvemonth and a day could we sit and look through this wonderful instrument at views of world-renowned cities, edifices, and God's great scenery. It is not painting — not modeling — not drawing: *it is reproduction*. 'I doubt much,' said a friend this moment at our elbow, who has visited and resided in almost every portion of Europe, 'I doubt much if I should have gone abroad, at all, could I have seen, with such perfect effect, the now familiar objects here represented: they are *perfect*.' Mr. WILLIS, who has 'been areðund' a good deal 'on the other side,' says of them, in the '*Home Journal*.'

'WHEN last in town, I called in, at the invitation of our near neighbors in Fulton-street, (MASURY AND WHITON) and with one of those new marvels, a stereoscopic instrument, held to my eye, examined the succession of photographic views placed in the socket. Here were daguerreotypes of the most celebrated spots on the face of the globe — reproduced under the lens — *exactly as seen by the traveler*! I saw Egypt and its ruins, the Nile and its turbaned boatmen; the Bosphorus and Constantinople; the Golden Horn and the Mosque of Santa Sophia; Greece and its Acropolis; Rome and its palaces and columns; Vienna and its Schonbrunn and gardens: Switzerland and its picturesque people, its vales and mountains: Spain and its Alhambra, its royal structures and romantic scenery; the Pyrenees, the Tyrol and the wonderful monuments of science and art in the bridged chasms and torrents over which rail-roads now smoothly pass; and Paris with its galleries and gardens, in views innumerable, just as they dazzle the eye and delight the curiosity of the stranger.

'But only think, how, by this new art, exact knowledge of all parts of the world are brought within every body's reach! With an instrument and its views—costing from five to twenty dollars, according to the size and number—the farmer may call his family around the evening lamp, and, almost veritably, pass an hour or two in Europe or in the East! They would not get a truer sight of famous places by going to them. And they not only see the far-off spots and their inhabitants, but they can show them to their friends and their neighbors!'

Gentleman host—lady hostess: 'a word in both your ears:' if you would avoid the effects of a dull company: if you would make them contented with themselves; if you would give them *something to talk about*, make a small investment in stereoscopes, and a good variety of diaphanous and colored views. They cannot be resisted by the dullest of prosy bores, singly or in 'sets.' - - - THE subjoined, from our old friend and frequent correspondent, PARK BENJAMIN, Esq., just reaches us in time for a welcome to the pages of the present number. It is replete with genuine feeling, which came from, and will speak to the heart:

'I am not Old.'

'I AM not old—though years have cast  
Their shadows on my day:  
I am not old—though youth has passed  
On rapid wings away:  
For in my heart a fountain flows,  
And round it pleasant thoughts repose,  
And sympathies and feelings high  
Spring like stars on evening's sky.

'I am not old: Time may have set  
His signet on my brow,  
And some faint furrows there have met,  
Which Care may deepen now:  
Yet Love, fond Love, a chaplet weaves  
Of fresh young buds and verdant leaves,  
And still, in fancy, I can twine  
Thoughts sweet as flowers that once were mine.

'I am not old: the snowy tinge  
That's fallen on my hair,  
What is it but a silver fringe  
That makes the head more fair?  
Sad contrast, may be, to the brown  
Which used to deck my early crown;  
But, let the senile tokens stay,  
No impulse of my soul is gray.

'I am not old: though I must leave  
This earth, and be at rest  
Soon, very soon: I will but grieve  
For those whom Love loves best.  
What though this fragile frame shall fade  
In Age's cold and gloomy shade?  
I shall regain the light, and be  
Youthful in immortality.'

*Apropos* of the author of these truly beautiful lines: somehow or another, an impression has gone abroad, (through a paragraph in one of the papers,) that Mr. BENJAMIN, who has heretofore lectured with such distinguished success to admiring audiences in various parts of the country, was no longer open to

similar engagements, in consequence of certain 'real-estate' avocations in which he was engaged. We have the best authority for stating, however, that Mr. BENJAMIN has *not* withdrawn from the lecture-field: but that, on the contrary, he will accept all invitations for the approaching season, and on very reasonable terms. This will be good news to lecture-committees, of which, if they understand their own interests, they will not be slow to avail themselves. - - - WHEN we read the following paragraph in the daily journals, touching '*A Book over Nine Hundred Years Old*,' (at Detroit we think,) we called at once to mind '*The Works of Petrus Poterius*,' presented to us by Senator SEWARD at his residence, many years ago. It was a huge quarto, all printed with a pen, and as closely and evenly as types could have placed its contents — and quaint and curious they were — upon the printed page. Who *has* this most ancient of all printed works, issued almost simultaneously with the first type-books of its day? We loaned it temporarily, many years since, to J — T — S —, who handed it, for return, to the late W — B —, (unquile City Register,) and here we lost all trace of it:

'THE articles which have lately appeared from time to time in the *Free Press*, in regard to old BIBLES, have had the effect to bring to our notice one of the rarest and most valuable specimens of biblical literature in the world. This is a volume of six hundred pages, containing the whole BIBLE in the Latin language. It belongs to the Rev. Mr. DUFFIELD, of this city. The book is made entirely of vellum, and the printing is all done by hand with a pen and ink. Every letter is perfect in its shape, and cannot be distinguished by any imperfections in form, from the printed letters of the present day. The shape of the letters is of course different from those now in use, but in no other respect can they be distinguished from printed matter. The immense amount of labor may be conceived from the fact, that there are two columns on each page, each of which lacks only about six letters of being as wide as the columns of this paper. They will average sixty lines to the column. The columns numbering twelve hundred, we have about seventy-two thousand lines in the whole book. Nothing short of a life-time could have accomplished such a work.'

A book that is a book. - - - FROM 'beneath the gallow-tree,' erected in the 'Old Bailey' of 'London Town,' for the execution of GIOVANNI LANI, for the murder of HELOISE THAUBIN, did a friend of ours — while the first-named 'faulty party' was yet 'a-swinging' — purchase of the maker and vender, a '*Copy of Verses*,' of which the subjoined musical and auto-biographical stanzas will afford an effective citation:

'At the West-End of London town,  
Where pretty maidens ramble round,  
One night I HELOISE THAUBIN found,  
And she looked fair and gay.  
I with her did steer to a mansion near:  
That night she looked in health and bloom,  
She took me to the fatal room,  
Where soon I sent her to the tomb —  
'T was there I did her slay.

'I strangled her, you may suppose:  
I robbed her of her watch and clothes;  
Then from the fatal spot did go,  
Thinking that I was clear.  
Gon's all-seeing eye was hovering nigh:  
Taken I was doomed to be,  
And I from justice could not flee:  
They brought me to the fatal tree;  
For I'm condemned to die.

'Then I on board a ship was found,  
That was to Monte Video bound:  
To Greenhithe she had sailed down,  
The sea was calm and clear.  
I, out of sight, thought all was right;  
But, oh! alas! I was deceived:  
The truth I scarcely could believe,  
On board when justice captured me,  
A cruel murderer base.

'That barbarous cruel deed I done:  
Though young in years, my time is come:  
Oh! pity your unhappy son,  
My loving parents dear:  
I'm doomed to go to the grave below:  
GIOVANNI LANI is my name;  
In sorrow, wretchedness, and shame,  
I do confess I am to blame:  
She never injured me.'

We quote this 'thrilling' extract, for the purpose of asking whether we



have not shown, in these pages, that we have native criminal, accidental, and elegiac bards or bardesses, fully equal to the best English 'specimens' in the same kind? - - - It was a perplexing and infelicitous circumstance, that which happened to discomfort and discomfit the good house-wife, who had fattened a fine young TURKEY for her husband's delectation, boiled, as was his 'weakness,' with the accompaniment of a savory sauce. Two or three days before his death, (the turkey's,) a box of household pills fell by accident into the yard, where the bird performed his daily perambulations and gobbling. He picked up the kernels of anti-bilious corn, and survived their effects until his decease, when he was committed to the pot, as the *pièce de résistance* of a sumptuous dinner. But he would not boil tender: hour after hour the hot bubbles burst around him, but all to no purpose: the harder and the longer he was boiled, the tougher and more uncarvable he became. At length, however, he was served up: and a doctor, a next-door neighbor, who was a guest, was requested to solve the mystery: 'We b'iled that turkey six long hours, doctor, by the clock,' said the down-east hostess, 'and you see how *awfully* tough he is neōw. Could it be the pills, d' yeōu think, doctor, that I was tellin' yeōu about his eatin'?' 'Undoubtedly, Madam,' replied the Doctor: 'it would not have made the slightest difference, if you had b'iled him two days: there was no 'BILE' in him, Madam!' An explanation equally professional and satisfactory. - - - The subjoined is from the *Histoire de la Presse en Angleterre et des Etas Unis*, by M. CUCHEVAL CLARIGNY, published in Paris, 1857:

'EN 1832, le romancier C. F. HOFFMAN fonda le 'KNICKERBOCKER Magazine,' qui passa bientôt de ses mains dans celles de TIMOTHEE FLINT, puis dans celles du redacteur en chef actuel, LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK. Le KNICKERBOCKER a été, un des recueils les plus brillants des Etas-Unis; il a eu pour collobarateurs assidus, WASHINGTON IRVING, PAULDING, WILLIAM WARE, qui y a publié son roman épistolaire de *Zenobie*, BRIANT et LONGFELLOW. C'est dans ses colonnes qu'ont débuté comme critiques ou comme auteurs de nouvelles, presque tous les jeunes écrivains qui, depuis vingt ans, sont arrivés à la réputation aux 'Etas-Unis.'

Thanks, M. CLARIGNY: it shall not be our fault, nor will it be the fault of our contributors, if we do not continue to deserve the high and unexpected praise here awarded us. - - - WELL, we 'own beat.' We certainly never *did* receive any thing in its kind quite so characteristic and 'Germenny' as the following. The sound-spelling is a study:

*'Lynnville, Lehigh County, State of Pennsylvania July the 12th 1856.'*

'DEAR SIR. Postmaster of Freeport as I doo not know your name, so I write to you. Postmaster I would bee werry glad if you would give me an answer after Receiving this few lines.

'I would like werry bead to know somsing of the old Germenny, JOHN KRAUS: hee is went off frum Elizabethtown Lengester County, in the month of Myrch 1856, and hee let him selfe down in your blase some werse, with a Bruther and a Syster, and a young wife, the are awl Germennies, and the old duch about 50 years old, has left a good manny Depts in Lengester and Lehigh County, so as I would like to know somesing about him, how hee is Comming on, if hee owns anny Propberty in your blase, ore if somsing is to dow with him ore not,—the old duch mus Live

werry neer in your blase, because hee Receives a Newspaper in your office from Allentown Lehigh County, and his name is, JOHN KRAUS; and he has a Group on his Throat and cen look onely with one eye, —— if you let me know somesing about him, so as I ken come dare and dow somesing with him I will pay you fore your drobel, and write me a Leather, and bleas Direct him, MICHAEL SMITH, Lynnvillle P. O. Lehigh County Pennsylvania.

‘Yours Respectfully,

MICHAEL SMITH.

‘You bleas write me as soon as your Receive this Stating.’

‘Nichts komme aus!’ - - - Won’t our contemporaries of the public press please to set their faces against the floods of poetical platitude which will be poured out upon ‘*The Atlantic Cable?*’ Pray think of such ‘poetry’ as this finding its way into a respectable journal:

‘On old Atlantic’s *crest*,  
The subtle cable’s rest,  
From shore to shore:  
Down in the mighty deep  
Must the swift lightning sleep:  
COLUMBIA shall bid it leap  
With wondrous power.’

A cable on the Atlantic’s ‘*crest*’ is a parlous phrase, and strikes us ‘Columbians’ with ‘wondrous power!’ - - - Our friend Mr. GEORGE HARVEY, the distinguished English artist, whose admirable illustrations of American scenery are well known in our country, has invented and patented in London, where he now resides, a *Port-Folio for Artists*, which bids fair to supply a very important desideratum. We gather a description of it from the London ‘*Constitutional Press*,’ now before us. The multiplication of photographs, engravings, chromo-lithographs, and water-color drawings, is becoming so numerous and accessible to persons of even moderate means, that we feel we are doing the public a signal service in calling attention to those improvements which tend to ‘progress,’ whether in physical comfort or in intellectual culture:

‘THE want of a correct principle in the old port-folio, has been remedied by a patent taken out by Mr. HARVEY, an artist, by which the evils long complained of have been overcome, so that now the collectors of works of art can obtain a safe, elegant, and convenient port-folio, containing every advantage which enables the proprietors of works of art-treasures to keep their collections in the most perfect condition, and to exhibit them to the best possible advantage, without handling or injuring them. One of the primary benefits derived from the principle of the patent, is in leaving the protecting-flaps fastened on the outside, so that whatever dust may gather on them, none ever enters within, and at the same time you get rid of the untidy and littering appearance which pertains to the old kind of flaps made of holland cloth: and beside this gain, the flaps of the patent ones, when the port-folio is in use, can be fastened out of the way, and are, in fact, out of sight whenever the port-folio is open. You thus remove what has always been an annoyance in many ways. Then, again, what an advantage there is derived from having a book which can be used or not at your convenience, so that if you have curious or dishonest servants, or meddling children, your collection is safe; or if you lend it to a friend with the hope of the works being returned uninjured, he can be sure of safely controlling their exhibition, and of returning them in as perfect order as when first loaned.’

A desideratum for artists. - - - THERE is an instructive, and in some respects an amusing paper, in the last number of the ‘*North-American Review*,’ upon

'Recent Commentaries on the New Testament.' Among the inconceivable *sottises* committed by Biblical commentators, the following are cited: ADAM CLARKE, by a process of reasoning which not one theologian in a hundred has learning enough to verify or to gainsay, proves the serpent that tempted EVE to have been a monkey! Quite equal to this, is the learned and profound commentator's *bathosous* annotation on the impressive words of our SAVIOUR: 'Thinkest thou not that I cannot now pray to my FATHER, and HE shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels:' 'A legion at different times contained different numbers: four thousand two hundred, five thousand, and frequently six thousand men: and from this saying, taking the latter number, which is the common rate, we have in round numbers, seventy two thousand angels!' Another learned scriptural critic contends, that the cock that alarmed PETER was a Levite watchman, knocking on the gate of the temple, to call the priests to their morning duties! Now when such profound blunders as these are committed by 'learned' commentators, is it surprising that ignorant expounders should represent 'brother PAUL' as having been brought up at the 'foot of Gamel-Hill, a small mountain in Judea,' instead of at the 'feet of GAMALIEL?'—or that the reason why our SAVIOUR so frequently said, 'He that *hath* ears to hear, let him hear,' was owing to the fact that HE seldom addressed a gathering in which a large portion of HIS hearers had not had their ears cropped, as a penalty for various minor offences committed against the Jewish laws of that period? - - - This brief epistolary passage of a correspondent brings old Mackinaw directly before us, as we saw it on a memorable occasion, several years ago: 'We climbed the hill and looked at the fort, surrounded with its palisade of logs; at the fierce-looking soldiers asleep on their posts; at the holes made by British bullets; at the Indian men shooting at cents and drinking brandy; at the Indian women selling bead-work and drinking whiskey; at the Indian children stoning tadpoles and drinking beer; at the steamers coming in and going out; at the bark canoes. We ate Mackinaw trout, cooked in every conceivable and inconceivable manner. We explored the ravine in the rear of the fort, and sailed around and viewed the romantic-looking cove on the other side of the island. On the return from this latter expedition, your correspondent wrote an elegant pastoral, which I regret to say, is not now extant.' - - - *Adroitness in Advertising* is one of the 'signs of the times' in these latter days: and we know of no tradesman who exceeds in this regard our old friend LUCIUS HART, of Number Six, Burling-Slip. Who would think of finding in a column of 'New-Publications' the following 'literary' announcement? It is 'just like HART:'

‘THIRD EDITION OF PATENT ICE-PITCHERS.—‘The Dog Star rages.’ The heat continues. The Ice-Pitchers are pouring out the cooling draughts, and the people are pouring in to No. 6 Burling-Slip for new supplies of them.’

There is nothing but truth in this, of course, for these Ice-Pitchers have had a wonderful sale: but how adroitly is the fact set forth! A fourth edition, we observe, is already 'in press.' - - - 'If ever after tempests come such STORMS, let the sea rave,' and so forth. We doubt whether OTHELLO would have changed his apostrophic sentence one whit, had he but once stood in the *Cedar-Ware Manufactory of the Messrs. Storms, at Nyack on the Hudson,*

as we did the other day, and amidst the pleasant, penetrating, and permeating cedar-odors, surveyed the mind-conceived, mind-wrought, and mind-working machinery, turning out, 'from the wood,' every variety and pattern of household cedar-ware, as beautiful as useful, and cheap as indispensable. Whether 'wise WILLIAM' would have exclaimed as aforesaid, not knowing, it behooveth us not to say: but *this* we can, and this 'we *do* say, and say it boldly,' that 'Come, STORMS, send us another invoice of your beautiful ware, of each kind and pattern,' is the cry from every part of the United States and the Canadas. 'Such are the orders:' well have they been earned — promptly are they filled. - - - THE verse in BRYANT'S '*Lines to a Waterfowl*,' alluded to by our Albany correspondent 'HUNTINGTON,' was originally printed as follows:

'VAINLY the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight, to do thee wrong,  
As darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.'

'HUNTINGTON' informs us that in the last London edition this is changed from 'darkly *limned* upon the crimson sky,' in a previous edition, to '*darkly seen against* the crimson sky.' In our judgment, the second reading is better than the last, but the first is the best of all — the simplest and the most natural: perhaps because it *was* the first, and hence most familiar to us. We prefer the original. - - - We have received from the press of the author and publisher, Rev. T. H. STOCKTON, of Philadelphia, a very handsome little booklet, bearing the title, '*Stand Up for Jesus: a Christian Ballad:*' with Notes, Illustrations, and Music, and a few Additional Poems, by the same author. The last words of that devoted servant of CHRIST, the late Rev. DUDLEY A. TYNG, form the main title of the ballad: interwoven with which, are effective passages of biography, and appropriate brief selections from the Book of Common Prayer. The Ballad itself is fervent and felicitous; and as it advances, portrays 'The Christian,' 'The Family,' 'The Father,' 'The Ministry,' 'The Church of the Covenant,' 'The Young Men's Christian Association,' 'The Church Universal,' and 'The Whole Human Race.' We are unable, from lack of space, to quote from this brief ballad or from the 'Additional Poems,' although we should gladly do so. There are three pieces of music, from EMERSON of Boston, BOWER of Philadelphia, and BRADBURY of New-York. Several good engravings on wood, including excellent likenesses of Dr. TYNG of this city, and of his lamented son, add value and attraction to this remembrancer of the departed one. - - - 'SOYER, *the Cook*, is dead!' Such is the brief, the inadequate, almost contemptuous, announcement of the recent death of the world-renowned French *chef de cuisine*. '*The Cook!*' Well is it, that he can never hear of this lessening of his dignity: he, ALEXANDER SOYER, of whom our SANDERSON could not obtain audience one morning, because he was walking in his garden, 'composing.' '*The Cook!*' All Europe appreciated him: he was the boast of Gastronomic Christendom: BRILLAT SAVARIN adored him. '*The Cook!!!*' All dishes, beloved of *gourmets*, dishes of rarest refinement, were at his fingers' ends, or in his capacious mind. Never was he at a loss, save once: and that was when DOUGLAS JERROLD said to

him: 'I pity you French. Talk of your *Consommé de Grouilles*: did you ever taste our *Habeas Corpus*? No? A-h-a!' - - - Two little things, by two 'Little People,' who are separated by more than a thousand miles:

'LITTLE 'FRANKY,' hearing a sturdy old Scotchman preach one Sunday, and a prayer at the close made by a soft-spoken clergyman, FRANKY says one spoke like a cannon firing, and the other prayed like a chicken scratching.'

'OUR little 'Four-year-old,' lying in her crib, after having said 'Good night' to her father, who was to sail for Europe the next morning, burst into tears, and sobbed as if her little heart would break. 'Do not cry, LILY,' said her mother: 'your FATHER in heaven will keep papa safe from all harm.' 'But, mamma, I am afraid he may drown in the big river before God can come down from the skies.'

Surely, a tender apprehension! - - - If we had, like our contemporary of '*Porter's Spirit of the Times*,' a department of '*Fur, Fin, and Feather*' in our Magazine, we think we should have a few words to say about that treasure of our waters, the CRAB. He is 'game' to the end of his claws, and sub-claws: and his grasp is cordial

'——— as the hand  
Of brother in a foreign land.'

He is not fastidious about the tid-bits with which you may tempt him: and when he is boiled rightly, deftly manipulated out of his shell, and artistically dressed, how delicate and delicious he is! He has 'brought up the rear' most satisfactorily at the gatherings of a certain chowder-club which we wot of; and of which said 'Club,' and its always pleasant and proper 'sayings' our readers shall hear 'more anon.' - - - FROM a Baltimore correspondent cometh the annexed: 'The prosecuting attorney of one of our counties is a gentleman who evidently believes in the effect of eloquence on juries. In prosecuting a murderer, and in stating the case to the jury, he adverted feelingly to the sad fate of the prisoner's victim, and said: 'Gentlemen, the poor victim of this man's hellish malice was suddenly ushered into the presence of his God; without warning, with no time for preparation, he was sent unanointed and unannealed, either to enjoy the rewards of the blessed, or to suffer the *annoyances* of the damned!' - - - OUR and the PUBLIC's old friend, Mr. PHILIP J. FORBES, so well and so long known as the Librarian of the New-York Society Library, may be found at the *Merchant's and Clerk's Library*, Number 60, William-street, where as Librarian, and General Literary and Purchasing Agent, his valuable services may be secured. No man in this metropolis is better qualified to select, procure, catalogue, and arrange private or public libraries than Mr. FORBES. He will purchase or import books of every description, instruments, apparatus, works of art, etc., on the most favorable terms. His references are of the highest order. - - - WE are gratified to learn that Dr. J. W. PALMER's new Comedy entitled '*The Queen's Heart*,' has achieved a great success in Boston. The critics unite in pronouncing it 'the best American comedy yet written.' It is to be produced in the principal cities of the country during the winter. Success to the author of '*The Golden Dagon*' in the difficult field of theatrical literature. - - - MR. CHARLES B. NORTON, Agent for Libraries, has presented us a copy of his '*Librarian's*

*Manual.*' A more attractive and (to literary men, especially,) a more useful volume than this Treatise on Bibliography has not recently appeared from the American press. Mr. NORRIS proposes soon to publish a complete index of all the collections of the Historical Societies of the United States, amounting to over one hundred volumes! The enterprise is a vast one, but it is to be accomplished. - - - 'THE YOUNG MEN'S MAGAZINE' for September comes to us with its usual choice collection of original articles. Mr. McCORMICK's excellent periodical occupies a wide and important field, and is especially deserving of the support of the Young Men of the country. - - - WE take the following from '*The Tribune*' daily journal:

'FREE CHAPEL. — The REV. RALPH HOYT, whose name is pretty well known both as a poet and a clergyman, officiates regularly at the free chapel (of St. THOMAS Church) at the corner of Prince and Thompson-streets. It was the church of Mr. HOYT that was destroyed in a tornado this summer on Fifty-fourth street, just as he had got it completed. We mention the fact of his present location for the benefit of persons who may desire to hear him. The seats are free.'

It is well known that the self-devoted Rev. RALPH HOYT's new 'CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD' was prostrated by storm and tempests, a short time since, just as it was about to be made ready for occupancy. It was the child of toil, of anxiety, of many hopes and many fears. BRYANT's lines from the Spanish, are not inapplicable here:

'THERE, without crook or sling,  
Walks the GOOD SHEPHERD: blossoms white and red  
Round his meek temples cling:  
And to sweet pastures led,  
His own loved flock beneath his eye are fed.

'He guides, and near him they  
Follow delighted, for with him they go  
Where dwells eternal May,  
And heavenly roses blow,  
Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.

'He leads them to the height  
Named of the infinite and long-sought Good,  
And fountains of delight:  
And where his feet have stood,  
Springs up, along the way, their tender food.'

Here, metropolitan reader, is an excellent opportunity to 'do good in season.' - - - A PARAGRAPH in a private letter from a friend at Saratoga, describing '*Caste at the Springs*,' reminds us of a remark of DOUGLAS JERROLD's: 'Wholesales don't mix with retails. Raw wool doesn't speak to half-penny ball of worsted; tallow in the cask looks down upon sixes to the pound, and pig-iron turns up its nose at ten-penny tails!' - - - WE especially call the attention of our readers to the Prospectus following the Table of Contents in the present number. The KNICKERBOCKER promises nothing that will not be faithfully and promptly performed. Two feet of the ATLANTIC SUBMARINE CABLE will be sent as a premium to every new Three Dollar subscriber, beginning with the present volume — enough for the subscriber and all his friends. The inducements for Farms in the West are unprecedented.







*George Wm Curtis*